

# EBONY



A DAY IN HOLLYWOOD  
WITH LENA HORNE

MARCH 1946 25c



**I**N SPRING a young man's fancy turns to love but a young lady's . . . to hats. And with Mildred Blount, foremost Hollywood millinery creator whom movie stars turn to for the latest designs, EBONY has taken a peek at what's new in the world of Easter bonnets. The creations of the outstanding Negro milliner will be one of the flock of excellent features in the April issue. Modeling the chapeaux will be charming Muriel Andrade, linked romantically with Joe Louis, and Rosemae Lindou, an ex-Powers model.

With that nod to the ladies, we can get on with the pressing business of this month's backstage chat. That business is a chap named Allan Morrison, who is now on the staff of EBONY and whom EBONY would like to crow about a bit. Morrison is the only Negro correspondent who worked on the European staff of *Yank Magazine* and the daily GI newspaper, *Stars and Stripes*.

Morrison's work on *Yank* and *Stars and Stripes* was more or less a GI miracle. His name was known to thousands of soldiers who followed his work in the two papers but few knew he was a Negro. Departing from the Army's you-know-what policy, he wrote about anything and everything, black and white. Some Negro troops used to call him "that liberal white writer." One white lieutenant-colonel commanding Negro troops told a Negro war correspondent: "Now, there is a white reporter who is doing an excellent job in the interest of Negro troops. If all white writers were like that. . ."

He covered Negro troop activity but he spent most of his time just writing about Army life, without regard to color. Morrison's now a permanent fixture on EBONY's staff and his pieces will run regularly—even though his by-lines will not appear in the magazine due to our no by-line policy. Incidentally, he did the Josh White and Bunk Johnson pieces in this month's issue. Next month he will be doing an article on the Walter White family.

Speaking of other inter-office communique, we might mention that EBONY's grown up and with its sister magazine, *Negro Digest*, now has moved to new offices to get more *lebensraum*. Our new home, a big two-story affair with loads of room, is at 5125 South Calumet Avenue. We like to hold open house for out-of-town visitors. Do drop by if you're in Chicago.

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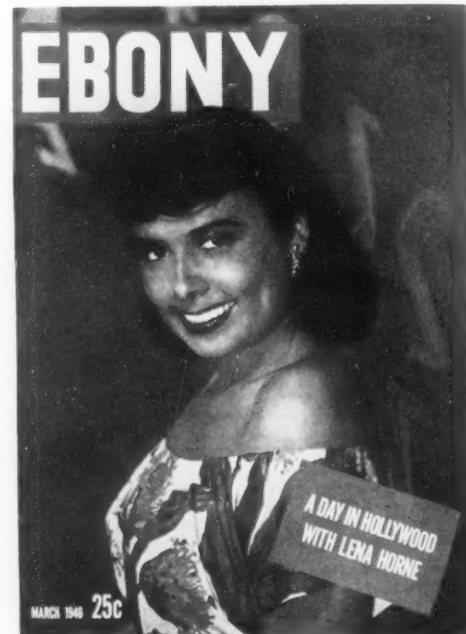
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## Cover

**LENA HORNE** is the champion pin-up girl of Negro America, probably the most photographed Negro in the world. The thousands of requests that come to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer for her pictures are by no means confined to Negro men. To the common Negro GI she is a combined Betty Grable, Lana Turner and girl-back home. Her photos can be found plastered up on barracks walls and company messes the world around. She is the most popular Negro actress to appear on the screen since the birth of Hollywood as film capital. EBONY chose Lena Horne as cover girl to inaugurate four colors on its cover, and to mark her return to Hollywood to start work on a new movie. The crack kodachrome shot of Lena on this month's cover is the work of MGM's stellar photographer Eric Carpenter, who turns out cover girls for the leading magazines of the nation and those magnificent billboard posters that stretch across the country's highways.



**EBONY PICTURES:** The following is a page-by-page listing of the sources of the photos in this issue. Where several sources are credited, the listing is from left to right, top to bottom.

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## COMING IN APRIL

### Photo Stories On

- What's New In Spring Hats By Mildred Blount
- A Day At Home With Football Star Buddy Young
- How Harlem's Biggest Hotel Operates
- Preview Of Louis Jordan's New Movie
- Meet The Walter Whites At the White House





JOSH WHITE SINGS, THE ROOSEVELT CLAN AND GUESTS LISTEN. FAYE EMERSON, ELLIOTT'S WIFE, SITS NEXT TO MRS. FDR.

## HYDE PARK PARTY

**B**EST WHITE friend, patron and champion of Negro America is Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt. For the 13 million darker brothers, she never lost her title of First Lady Of The Land when she moved out of the White House.

Mrs. Roosevelt does more than talk racial equality. She practices what she preaches. Up at her Hyde Park home, she welcomes Negro guests today as she did when she was in the White House.

Most recent visitors were a party of ex-juvenile delinquents from the nearby Wiltwyck School for Boys and balladeer Josh White, who never can forget his three "command performances" at the White House. For the Hyde Park party, Josh brought along his wife and the newest star in the White family, 5-year-old Josh Junior.

Other guests were: Roosevelt son Elliott, and wife Faye Emerson of the movies (along with son Scoop Emerson); a little blonde named Barbara (who with her mother was asked to live at

Hyde Park after her father was killed en route home for discharge.)

Both Joshes sang familiar songs and everyone joined in. Little Barbara, Josh Jr. and Scoop drew away from the older children, put their heads together, told secrets and giggled. Mrs. Roosevelt asked Josh to sing her favorite ballad, *Joe Hill*, later presented gifts to everyone (sent presents to the three Josh White daughters who stayed home in Harlem).

The party was no stiff-lipped, formal shindig with lots of talk about interracial amity. Instead everyone just went about practicing interracialism by forgetting about color. Mrs. Roosevelt immediately made her guests relax with her warm-spirited welcome. Husky-voiced Carol White, Josh's wife, said afterward: "She's so straightforward and sweet; she puts everyone at ease right away."

Mrs. Roosevelt again lived up to her billing as spiritual pinup girl of Negro America and a good time was had by all.

CAMERA-SHY WILTWYCK LAD GETS FIRST LADY'S GIFT.

ICE CREAM, ROOSEVELT CHARM PUT EX-TOUGHIES AT EASE





**JOSH JUNIOR** concentrates hard on words to *The House I Live In*. Along with his "namesake song" dealing with some walls which came tumbling down, it is his favorite. Song deals with "a name, a flag, a map I see, a certain word, democracy." "Donnie" is name given Josh Jr. by his mother, who doesn't like anyone else to use it. He says "What's that?" when asked if he wasn't "scared," singing in Madison Square Garden. Sweet-tempered, well-mannered, he speaks with a trace of a lisp, no trace of the brat-prodigy air. High spot of the afternoon came after Josh senior strummed the first bars of *Free and Equal Blues* and young Josh amazed everyone by chiming in. The song has tongue-twisting five-dollar words like "Kuibishev," "international metabolistic cartel." Sung by a lisping boy of five, it floored even his parents.



**HARMONICA** is one of Mrs. FDR's gifts to Josh Jr. He'd never played one before, but after five minutes of fatherly instruction ("Suck in, you've got to suck in, like a soda!") he plays *Silent Night* with only a couple of sour notes.

## MIGHTY MITE

**WHEN HE** was 4, little Josh White, Jr., made his musical debut in the big Madison Square Garden at a Negro Freedom Rally and brought the house down. Hoisted onto a chair to reach the mike, the mighty mite stared into the spotlights and tore into *One Meat Ball*.

Little Josh never learned the *Meat Ball* lyrics; he dug into his subconscious memory for them.

Back on Christmas Eve, 1944, he was scheduled to broadcast his carefully-rehearsed *The House I Live In*. At the last minute they said that the song had not been cleared, and begged him to do his father's specialty *Meat Ball* instead. "Nope!" said the kid. "I don't even know *Meat Ball*. I'm gonna sing the one I practised!"

But there was One Big However—he'd been yearning for a pair of boxing gloves, and if the parental nix could be removed, he might just be able to remember those lyrics. Big Josh threw up his hands and ran out into the crowds of last-minute shoppers. He rushed back to the studio, slipped the beautiful gloves on Donnie's small fists. With his eyes on the longed-for mitts, Josh Jr. dished up one fine musical hamburger.

A recording artist at the age of four, the boy's disks have been sent to England every week. The songs are short-waved to Hollywood. The movies have been shoving contracts his way, but his father just keeps shaking his head. No movies for Josh Jr. until they guarantee not to cast him as a pint-size Uncle Tom.

The White children are bundled all the way downtown from Harlem to Greenwich Village for their education at the Downtown Community School, where Mrs. Roosevelt lectures on race relations at regular intervals. On the long bus-ride downtown, Bunny, the oldest daughter, is "mother," and all the children must obey her on orders from Mrs. White.

Father works from suppertime to 3 A.M., and sleeps until mid-afternoon. His children sandwich in as much time as possible with him in the afternoons, but recording dates and rehearsals often eat up even those few hours. Consequently, when Josh thinks there is something the children should know, about prejudice or any of the other things not easily found in schoolbooks, he tells Bunny and she translates and explains it so the others will understand.





**PARTY GUESTS** made Josh Sr. sing *The Green Grass Grew All Around* for 15 minutes straight until he ran out of breath. Kids wouldn't let him stop. Lad at left next to Josh is Scoop Emerson. Others are Wiltwyck boys who attend an annual Hyde Park party.



**ADULT SONGS** are sung in a separate room for Faye Emerson Roosevelt and husband Elliott while children eat. Josh did *Lass With The Delicate Air* and *Strange Fruit*. ("That's why the mean expression on my face!"). Children heard the music, crept in from dining room to hear the last of song.



**BIG AIM** of Josh's songs is to reach his audiences with his message. "If I reach one person a month with what I have to say I think that's doing something," he says. Once a Dixie army major walked out on him while he was doing *Strange Fruit*, later came back to find out "why I walked out before." Later he brought his anti-Negro Southern wife to hear Josh. They finally invited Josh to their table. "Later in the evening she asked me to dance," Josh recalls. "The major later told me that it was the first time in his wife's life she had sat at the same table with a Negro."





**JOSH'S WIFE**, Carol, chats with Mrs. Roosevelt about the First Lady's trip to London as UNO delegate. Then she had to dash off and extricate little Josh from a cupcake-paper he was eating.



**GOODBYE** on ski-littered steps did not take place until Josh had promised to spend a week at Hyde Park when Mrs. Roosevelt returns from UNO sessions and a trip to Russia.

## FIGHTING JOSH AIMS TO TUMBLE WALLS LIKE NAMESAKE

**FOLK SINGER** Josh White was brutally beaten by Ku Klux Klansmen in South Carolina in 1929 for "trespassing" on white-owned property. Two years ago in Sheridan Square in New York's Greenwich Village he had three ribs broken during a mass assault by seven white thugs in uniform who resented his social relations with whites at Cafe Society. These two events were milestones in a career filled with violence, bitter poverty, injustice and struggle. Josh admits they played some part in forming his fighting philosophy of art and life.

He defines that philosophy as follows: "The right to be free and equal, to be respected as a human being, to hold your head up, to be a *man*. To work against the forces of oppression and to fight for the underdog of all peoples everywhere."

Josh thinks it all started when his parents named him Joshua after that mighty figure of Biblical times. He says: "Joshua was a *man*. He caused the Walls of Jericho to fall down and showed his great strength in many other ways. When I was young I knew I could never be as great as Joshua was, but I thought I'd try."

He was born in Greenville, S.C., on Feb. 11, 1916, and was forced by domestic adversity to leave home at the age of 7. For a long time he was the "eyes of blind men" who begged on the streets, sometimes singing, sometimes plucking guitars. He started out leading one Blind Man Arnold and led blind men until he was 17. In this way he covered wide areas of the Southland, learned how to play a guitar

and absorbed countless blues, spirituals and work songs.

His pay for this work averaged \$4 weekly, the greater part of which he sent home to his mother.

He started developing his present high social consciousness at the age of 8, when he was battered into insensibility by a white cop in a Jacksonville jail where he was being held for vagrancy along with the blind beggar for whom he worked. He vomited from the beating and was made to clean up his own vomit with his shirt. He was humiliated and deeply embittered by the experience.

Perhaps the strongest early influence on his musical thinking was the late Blind Lemon Jefferson, a dynamic folk artist and the most famous of all southern blind Negro beggars. "He was a very great man," Josh says, "probably the greatest blues singer I ever heard."

The greater part of his musical education he got from listening to Negro laborers singing their work songs all over the South—railroad workers, turpentine workers, cotton pickers, dock wallopers and chain gang prisoners.

"I would sit for hours and watch those convicts, working in the hot Georgia sun, swinging their picks in rhythm and singing some of the most wonderful and moving songs I have heard."

Josh regards those uninhibited performances by Negro convicts, seeking to express their deep anguish and intense suffering subtly enough to avoid punishment by their white overseers, as "the most ter-

rific musical experience I've ever had."

Through the efforts of John Hammond, Jr., jazz and folk music authority, whom he had met in 1931, Josh was invited to record an album of these chain gang songs. The success of the album opened a new and highly successful phase of White's career, which is now in full swing with Josh singing nightly to packed, enthusiastic houses at Cafe Society Downtown, and doing innumerable benefits and recordings.

His first night-club engagement, at the Village Vanguard in New York, lasted 21 weeks. He quit that job to coach and accompany Libby Holman at the Somerset Hotel in Boston. It was only a 10-day engagement but it hit the nation's press when the hotel management asked Josh to leave the hotel except while working and not to enter Miss Holman's room. There were protests and Miss Holman finally picketed the hotel for practicing what she termed "Nazi" policies.

After the heat of the incident had simmered down the White-Holman team went into La Vie Parisienne in New York for a seven-month engagement, receiving excellent notices.

Josh White has come far since he barnstormed the South and Mid-West billed as "The Singing Christian" and earned meager pay. But he says he has not forgotten the searing lessons of hard times and racial persecution. "If I can express my beliefs in song I will be happy, for I will be fighting," he said recently. "Life means nothing if you don't fight."



## CO-OP HOUSE

Youths live together and like it

**D**EMOCRACY can work and be fun, too, a Cleveland housing co-op of 23 youths—two Negroes, five Japanese, one Chinese, seven “white gentiles,” and eight Jews (as racists would list them)—has proved.

In a luxurious, spacious former fraternity house, now the home of the Franklin D. Roosevelt Student Cooperative House,

this virtual “league of nations” gathers around the dinner table each night, scrubs floors together, holds parties and stands as a symbol of the “working democracy” that is the dream of young America.

This is a “working democracy” that works—even to the “work parties” held the first Saturday afternoon of each month.





**STUDENTS** make up the bulk of co-ops. During study periods, they get together for homework. Henry Chessin, (left) Western Reserve University pre-med student, and Pvt. Zalec Skolnick, ASTP medical student at the university, explain a bit of anatomy to Simeon Booker, one of the Negro co-op members. Booker is a newspaperman. He worked for the Cleveland Call-Post until recently.



**MAILMAN'S** arrival brings a rush down the stairs to see what the postman has brought. Nisei Sachie Fukiage distributes letters. Charles S. Lucas, Cleveland law school student, is other Negro co-op member.

**FDR HOUSE** residents make democracy thrive on differences. In addition to different races, nationalities, religions, the co-ops boast a variety of professions.

Fourteen are social work students, two medical students, one a law student, another a machinist. There's a lexicographer in the crowd as well as a physicist.

Seven of the members come from Hawaii while the remaining come from homes scattered in the Midwest and eastern seaboard. First Negro member was Miss Tommy Bell, now a New York City social worker.

House president is a Nisei. A Chinese is house manager. Two white gentile girls are secretary and treasurer.



**APPLICANTS** for admission to the Roosevelt Co-op totaled 70 in the past year, but there were only seven openings. Long list of applications is checked by Mrs. Janet Long, Michiko Uno and Simeon Booker, who are admission committee.



**LAST PAINTING** made of the late President Roosevelt hangs in FDR House in Cleveland. It was donated by Cyril Bath of Cleveland. There is one other student housing co-op in Cleveland, Cedar Hill Co-op House. Both work together.

# CASH + CREDIT EQUALS CO-OP

**A** FINANCIAL miracle as well as a working model of democracy, Cleveland's Roosevelt Co-op House represents an investment of \$13,000—some \$4,000 in cash.

Actually it has been on a self-sustaining, permanent-home basis only six months, although the Cleveland co-op idea was born eight years ago when 12 Western Reserve University social workers inaugurated the co-operative student housing movement. For a long time, however, it was strictly on a rental basis.

When the lease expired last year and no other houses could be found to rent, the co-ops decided to buy. There was a hectic search until they found a big one-time frat house on Council Road in the university district.

Money became a headache then. They had to have \$4,000 to put on the line as a down payment for the house. They enlisted the support of the city's liberal leaders, labor unionists and businessmen of every race and creed. They went after former residents now scattered all over the world.

The total in exchequer was \$3,100 in loans and gifts, \$680 from the regular treasury. Added to this was \$220 raised by selling refrigerators in their former residences—just enough to make a down payment.

With a first mortgage of \$8,000 and a second of \$400 arranged, they descended on the house with paint and plaster, brooms and mops. They knocked down walls and rebuilt; they repaired some of the ancient furniture. Then they all moved in and started paying up their debts.

Whether it's finance or housework, they've shared alike and remained friends.



**SHOPPING AND STORING SUPPLIES FOR THE WEEK IN THE BASEMENT IS JOB ASSIGNED TO SIMEON BOOKER AND JANET KUWAHARA.**





CO-OP DINNERS ARE USUALLY A CHANCE TO GATHER THE DAY'S GOSSIP.

## \$35 month for room, two meals

FOR \$35 a month, members of the FDR House get a room, two meals a day.

It doesn't sound possible but by planning strict budgets, by buying at nearby cooperative markets, they've been able to keep out of the red and pay the mortgage too.

One of the methods of cutting down costs is to do all the housework and odd repair jobs themselves. All residents are expected to spend a minimum of two hours a week on jobs that include cleaning rugs, mopping the front hall, buying and planning meals, washing windows, firing the furnace, raking leaves on the front lawn, shoveling snow, defrosting the ice box and washing and ironing the table cloths.

It's not all work and no fun at FDR House, though. Every so often there's a party that's not a work party, although work parties are more regular (first Saturday of each month, attendance and promptness required). The house is kept spic and span. "House members are expected to look after their own belongings," one member explained. "There's no provision for someone else picking up."

The FDR House has become a community center aside from its distinction as a "working model of democracy." It runs a regular educational program comprised of town hall meetings, discussions and lectures by outstanding speakers on important topics of the day.

The same interracial policy that distinguishes the house membership is maintained in its community program. Negro groups hold meetings there as well as other organizations. In January a radio program featuring the FDR House was aired on a local station.



DISH WASHING AND DRYING CHORES ARE ALTERNATED.

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**SHIRT IRONING TIPS ARE GIVEN SIMEON BOOKER BY MRS. SYLVIA FISHMAN.**



**FLOOR SCRUBBING JOB GOES TO CHARLES LUCAS AND HAZEL YONEKURA.**

## YOUTH SHOWS ELDERS

**E**NTHUSIASTIC backing for FDR House comes from distant places. Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt wrote the house residents: "I am glad to see the interracial house work." Carey McWilliams, the noted liberal author, declared after a visit: "Your house is a challenge to America."

The local newspapers have given FDR House a good sendoff with the Cleveland Press, largest Ohio daily, running a front-page story and picture under the headline: "Student Co-Op Makes Democracy Work."

A GI stationed in India, hearing about the FDR

House, wrote: "Your project is an example of the democratic ideals I am fighting for."

So popular has the idea become that both the FDR House and Cedar Hill House, a similar project in Cleveland, get over ten applications for every vacancy.

The co-op housing pattern is spreading. Students in a number of universities across the nation—hit by the home shortage—are pioneering in this new venture in interracial living, a bold experiment in which the younger generation is showing their elders that "democracy does work."



**FURNACE DUTY** keeps two male members of FDR House busy each week. This is where the girls get off easy. Performing the job are Charles Lucas and Walter Lum, Chinese civil engineer from Hawaii who supervised remodeling of the house and now acts as house manager. Despite different nationalities there are no wars in FDR House.





**SPARE HOURS** at FDR House are spent in enjoying a session with phonograph records or in occasional parties. Listening to classics and jive are Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Thomas (husband and wife), Simeon Booker, and Ruby Dowd. Co-op operates on a strict budget of which food takes the biggest share. Next item is the mortgage.



**HOUSE GUEST** Judith Bieber, health education assistant director of the Cleveland YWCA, is enlisted in the co-op spirit by making her play the piano for a singing group.

## TROUBLE FOR 'DREAM HOUSE'

**WHEN THE FDR HOUSE** co-ops finally raised the \$4,000 to finance the purchase of their "dream house," their troubles just began.

No sooner did neighbors see several Negroes among the residents than rumors started circulating through the community that the FDR House members were "exponents of interracial marriage." For the first few weeks there was open resentment. Clothes, hung on the lines in the backyards to dry, were slashed with razors. Couples walking along the street were booed.

Instead of becoming discouraged, FDR House accepted the situation as a challenge and strove to prove that democracy could be more than a word. Members started a house-to-house canvass among neighbors in a two-block area to find out what their objections to the co-op were. Questions posed to the co-ops almost in all cases concerned mixed marriage.

Simeon Booker, one of the two Negro members, recalls: "In all our canvassing, there was only one case of extreme negative reaction. However, we did have to correct the impression that we were trying to foster interracial marriage."

To offset the wave of resentment, FDR House sponsored an open house for neighbors. They were shown through the house and the cooperative plan explained to them. "The open house was a miracle worker," says Booker. "Neighbors entered with stiff, drawn faces, left with smiles."

Now that they have become better acquainted with the co-ops they are among the best supporters of the co-op.



**CLEANLINESS** has helped FDR House win friends among neighbors. Sweeping the front walk is Charles S. Lucas who gets moral support from Pfc. Zalec Skolnick coming home from school.



**AT MGM'S MAIN STUDIO GATE,** Lena Horne greets veteran guard Henry Keating on her return to the lot after a long movie layoff. Then she calls a studio friend to say she's back. Lena usually gets to work at the studio at 7 a.m.

## LENA HORNE BEGINS A NEW MOVIE

**A**FTER a long layoff of almost a year, Negro America's No. 1 film star has gone back to work.

Getting back on the huge Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer movie-making lot was a big day for Lena Horne, the Brooklyn lass who in ten short years zoomed from a \$25-a-week Cotton Club chorus girl to a top spot in the entertainment world with an MGM paycheck of \$1000 weekly.

EBONY accompanied Lena around the studio and got a photo record of her first day back to get ready for her featured role in a new all-star musical, *Till The Clouds Roll By*. She will be co-starred with Judy Garland, Frank Sinatra, Van Johnson in the film biography of the noted composer Jerome Kern and will get her best marquee billing to date in the picture.





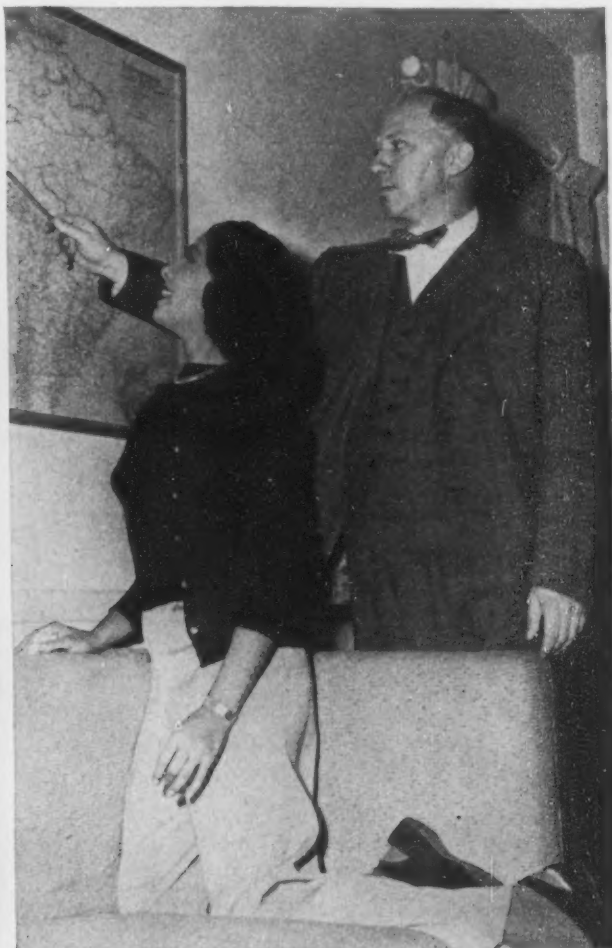
**MUSIC ARRANGER** Calvin Jenks, a talented Philadelphia-born Negro youth now working as an MGM pianist and composer, chats with Lena about her songs in *Till The Clouds Roll By*.



**AN OLD FRIEND** of Lena's is Robert Cox, proprietor of the studio newsstand who also has just returned to the lot after serving in the army where he won five battle stars and Presidential Citation. Lena and Cox exchange gossip and then Lena takes a batch of magazines she reads regularly.



**GETTING DOWN TO BUSINESS**, Lena talks to Producer Arthur Freed about her part in *Till The Clouds Roll By*. Freed is not only Lena's boss but a good friend. He also produced *Ziegfeld Follies* in which Lena appeared. Other good studio friends of Lena are Ella Logan, Ira Gershwin.



**SOUTH AMERICAN TOUR** is next on Lena's schedule after current film role. Robert Vogel of MGM's international department shows her some of the cities where she is popular and where she will appear.



AT STUDIO POSTOFFICE LENA COLLECTS BIG BATCH OF FAN MAIL ACCUMULATED DURING HER LAYOFF.





IT'S LUNCHTIME BUT LENA'S STILL ALL BUSINESS WHILE WAITING FOR A SNACK AT THE STUDIO COMMISSARY. SHE DISCUSSES MUSIC ARRANGEMENTS FOR HER NEW PICTURE WITH CONRAD SALLINGER OF THE MGM MUSIC DEPARTMENT.

BACK TO WORK, LENA GETS A PEEK AT ONE OF THE COIFFURES MGM STYLIST SIDNEY GUILAROFF HAS CREATED FOR HER NEW FILM. GUILAROFF WATCHES WHILE STUDIO HAIRDRESSER NOELIA KYLE FASHIONS THE STYLE.





STUDIO MAKEUP EXPERT GETS LENA READY FOR A SCREEN TEST OF HER ROLE.

**L**ENA HORNE'S fans are legion. She gets about 200 fan letters a day at the MGM studio, her mail stacking up next to Walter Pigeon's and June Allyson's.

Her most enthusiastic fans are GIs. She's appeared a half dozen times on Command Performance, the army's radio show. Pinup pictures of Lena are plastered on barracks and pup tents around the world.

When the all-Negro 332nd Fighter Group was in Italy, there was a Lena Horne Lane on a nearby mountainside.

Her favorite story about her fans is concerned with a Jim Crow incident in an Alabama airport. She was waiting for a plane to Tuskegee, to perform for Negro pilots. It was chilly and she wanted a cup of coffee to warm up. She entered a lunchroom and sat at the end of the counter. The waitress passed her several times without seeming to notice her. Finally she asked Lena what she wanted. Lena told her.

The waitress shook her head: "I'm sorry but I can't serve you."

Lena protested and the waitress said: "Well, if you'll go around to the kitchen, I'll see what I can do." Lena told her not to bother and as she was preparing to leave, a teen-aged boy looked up from his dish-washing and hurried over. He was the son of the white waitress.

"Say," he blurted, "aren't you Lena Horne?" Lena admitted it. The boy shoved a greasy menu across the counter. "Would you autograph it, please?" he asked. She signed the menu and walked out.





A VISION TRULY BEAUTIFUL IN A BOUFFANT GOWN CREATION SHE WILL WEAR IN HER LATEST ROLE, LENA WATCHES STUDIO DESIGNER HELEN ROSS COMPARE THE FINISHED GOWN WITH THE ORIGINAL DESIGN.

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MGM'S NOTED PORTRAIT PHOTOGRAPHER CLARENCE BULL TURNS HIS CAMERA ON LENA FOR PORTRAITS OF HER COSTUMES.

## LENA'S BIG AMBITION IS TO QUIT SINGING, BE AN ACTRESS

**B**ETWEEN the camera-created, undulating-hipped, rhythm-happy, bubble-bathing Lena Horne and the off-screen, unaffected, modest Lena Horne born on Brooklyn's Chauncey Street, there is a world of difference—even in skin color. She is darker and freckled off stage, but beautiful with or without makeup.

Lena's a far cry from the sexy Georgia Brown she played in *Cabin In The Sky*. She's never had a bubble bath in her life. She doesn't smoke, rarely drinks (when she does, her favorite is brandy mixed with champagne). And her wardrobe omits red-heeled shoes, slit skirts and peekaboo blouses which Hollywood has virtually made her trademark.

Her favorite out-of-the-spotlight role is a baby's mama—although her 6-year-old son Teddy insists on telling all taxi drivers: "I betcha don't know my mother's a movie star, I betcha." With a housekeeper and her maid Tiny, Lena lives in a small rented home on Horn Avenue in the Hollywood hills north of Sunset Boulevard.

She likes to think of herself as a working mother — even though her income when she's making night club and theater appearances sometimes hits the \$10,000 a week mark. "I have two kids and I have to work for them," she says.

"I'm lucky. I thank God for the chance I've been given to give my kids an education and some sort of security. This may be the first generation in the history of

our race where Negro families will have something to leave to their children. That's something to think about."

Lena has year-round custody of her daughter Gail, 8, by terms of her divorce two years ago from Louis Jones, Negro newspaper advertising man of Cleveland whom she married in 1937. Teddy's time, however, is divided between the two, according to court ruling.

The "glamorous, exciting Lena Horne," as she's called in press agents' blurbs, spends more evenings at home than she does out. She stays away from Hollywood night clubs as much as possible. She gets loads of invitations but has found that too many of them are from patronizing film celebrities who think it's "daring" to have a Negro girl at a party.

At home she divides her time between her children, collecting records, (her favorites now are classics like Stravinsky and Tchaikovsky although she has a big jazz collection) and reading books. While she likes gory murder stories, Lena's been going after biographical works lately. "I read a lot," she says, "but that's not a hobby. That's a frustration. I never had a full education."

Lena doesn't believe in glamourizing her studio work either. She describes her typical day without any flourishes:

"My daily routine is simple. I get up at 5 a.m. and brush my teeth. I putter around the house for an hour and get to

work at 7. It takes about two hours to get made up. I'm held together with spit and pins — and at 9 I'm ready for the cameras.

"I work till noon, the regular union hours for the business. Then lunch and back to work until 6."

Her fame and fortune are still very much a surprise to Lena. She doesn't have the best voice in the world and is the first to admit it. Its peak is only D flat.

Her ambition is to be a straight actress. "I'm very gratified that people accept my singing but that's frustration too. I really wanted to be an actress. It's easier for a colored person to be a singer than an actress.

"I hate to say it but color is a factor in every field. A singer will be accepted when an actress is not. Hollywood, however, has been very nice to me and has presented me to the best of its ability."

Basically Lena's still a "regular." Lately she's been talking of doing a return night club engagement at New York's Cafe Society Downtown, where she first broke in under the name of Helena Horne. Owner Barney Josephson, who changed her name and gave Lena her first big break, would rather have her at his Cafe Society Uptown which is the more elegant of his two clubs. But Lena says:

"I'd rather do the downtown spot because it's groovy. Uptown is kinda snooty for a Brooklyn girl like me."





ESKIMO PARKA SENT PHILIPPA FROM ALASKA IS HER FAVORITE WINTER COSTUME.

## SUPER-GIRL

**Philippa Schuyler is a musical genius but bobby-soxer at heart**

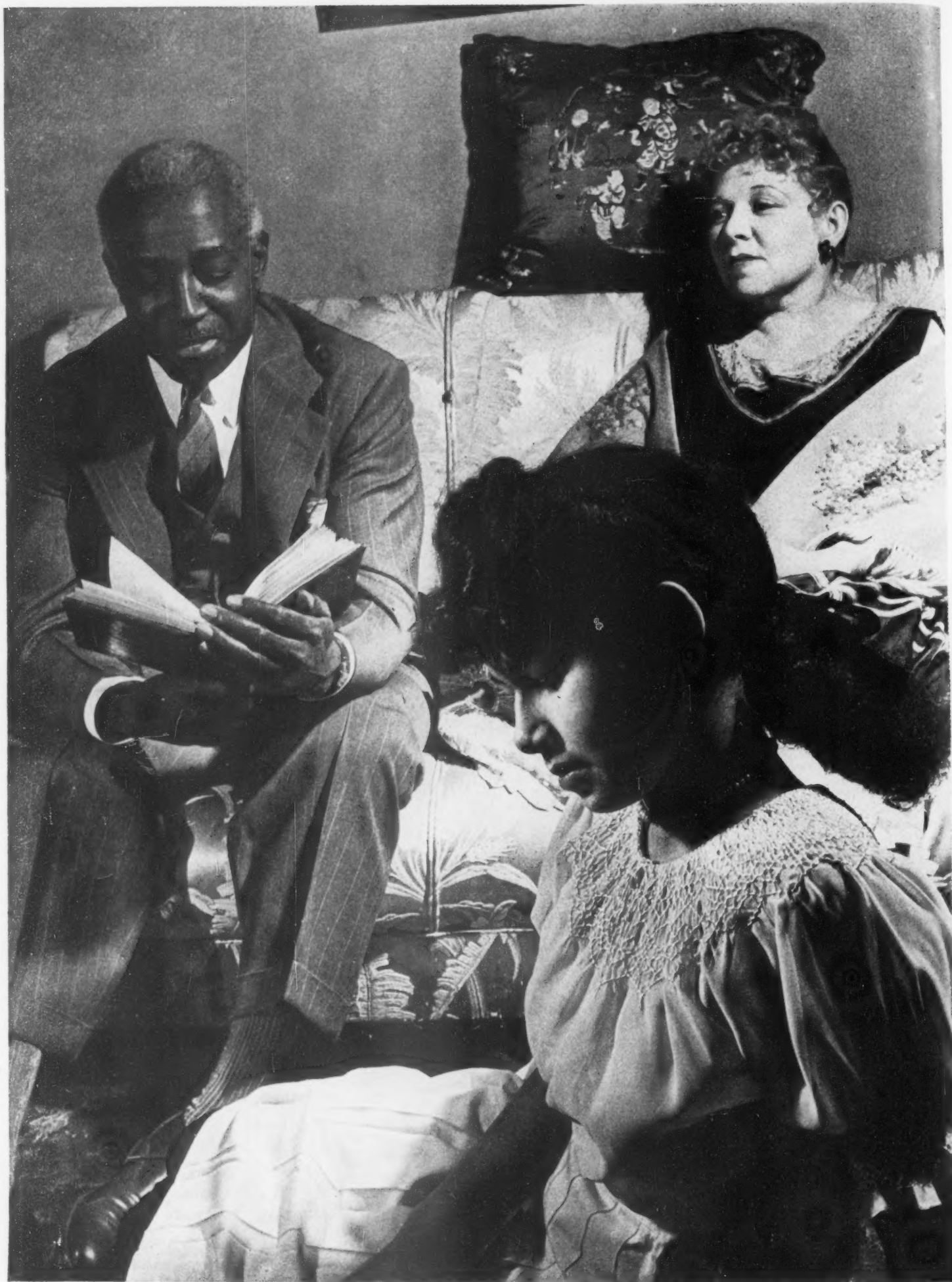
**M**OST CHILD geniuses are sombre, solemn, spectacled kids who never learned how to play hop-scotch and jacks. Not so with amazing musical genius Philippa Duke Schuyler, who started playing piano at the age of three and has had her compositions performed by the ranking New York Philharmonic Orchestra.

Despite her remarkable musical achievements, Philippa is just a regular teen-

aged girl at heart. She wears bobby sox, likes boogie-woogie, rates Bette Davis her favorite movie star, reads murder mysteries, Superman and Tarzan comic strips.

Philippa is the product of a mixed marriage. She is of deep olive complexion. Her father is ebony, her mother a golden-haired blonde. Philippa is not too color-conscious despite her background. She is extremely proud of her Negro blood.

(Continued on Next Page)



**THE SCHUYLER FAMILY** spends a quiet evening at their 14th floor four-room New York apartment on the edge of Harlem. Mother and daughter listen while George S. Schuyler reads some of his favorite poetry. Their favorites are apt to be from Swinburne or *The Rubaiyat Of Omar Khayyam*. Schuyler writes a column for the Pittsburgh Courier which has gained him the tag of "the Westbrook Pegler of the Negro press." Mrs. Schuyler is white, very blonde and speaks with a Southern accent. She is from a pioneer Texas ranching and banking family. She has been a Mack Sennett bathing beauty, a ballet dancer in the San Francisco opera, a painter and a poet. They have been married 18 years.



# PIANO AT 3, FANS AT 14

**O**NLY in her teens, Philippa Schuyler already has fans all around the world. During the war she was put on OWI short wave broadcasts to France, Spain and the Low Countries to play her own *Manhattan Nocturne* and counteract Nazi propaganda that pictured American youth of today as interested only in jive.

But her most enthusiastic fans are in Africa. People in Liberia, Nigeria and the Gold Coast have heard her play on short wave and write to her constantly. They know she is partly of African background and they are proud of her.

Her room is stacked with presents sent to her from African admirers. Some were brought by Africans working on ships plying between New York and West African ports. She keeps the 25 prizes she has won in all kinds of musical competitions in a fancy inlaid chest that was sent to her by an African craftsman.

Although neither of Philippa's parents ever cared much for music, they had her take piano lessons at the age of 3 just to see if her ability to read words could be diverted into another field. It took her a week to learn all the notes and in six weeks she was making up tunes to fit her nursery rhymes.

She has been composing and playing piano in public since then. She averages as much as \$200 a concert when on tour. She is now planning to write an opera based on the Arabian Nights and is learning to play the violin, taking lessons from Clarence Cameron White. Later she will take up the cello and clarinet.

Eight of her prizes were won in successive years from the New York Philharmonic Society for Young People, and at the age of 11 she was barred from further competition "because she has already won everything we have to offer and too many times in a row."

Philippa's mother claims her ability is due to her diet. She has been fed raw steaks, raw fish, raw vegetables, fruits and nuts since she gave up her bottle at the age of 2.

"The universities believe that heredity is responsible for a child like Philippa. We do not," says Mrs. Schuyler. "It has always been our conviction that if a child is fed with good food, stimulating food—and the mother has to have it before the child is born—every part of its mind and body will be better."

Philippa has never eaten any candy in her life. The Schuylers rarely use sugar for anything. Instead Philippa has a passion for lemons—chews them while reading. When she goes to the movies, she'll take an ear of corn along and nibble on the raw kernels. When she went to school she used to fill her pockets with raw green peas.

"Some people think we're peculiar but the best proof that our diet theory is sensible is Philippa's health. She's extremely healthy mentally and physically. Her teeth are absolutely perfect. She's never had even a tiny cavity," Mrs. Schuyler says.

Other than slight colds and one brief attack of measles, Philippa has never been sick.

Mrs. Schuyler got her dietary ideas in California. Her husband is a more recent convert, still is not quite as dead set. She believes that alcohol and tobacco are bad; her husband, however, smokes cigars and drinks beer.



**COMPOSITION** is taught Philippa by Otto Cesana of Radio City Music Hall, who started giving her theory and harmony instruction three years ago after she had written nearly 100 pieces for the piano without any study. Cesana is a noted composer.



**PIANO TECHNIQUE** tutelage is given Philippa by Herman Wasserman. Aside from her lessons Philippa practices four hours each day. She loathes the daily technical piano routine necessary to keep her fingers flexible.



**FIRST DATE FOR PHILIPPA WAS JOHN ESCOSA WHO SHE MET FOR TEA (FRUIT JUICES AND NUTS) AT HER FAVORITE RESTAURANT, THE VIM AND VIGOR, VITAMIN SHOP ON 57TH STREET. HE IS A HARPIST.**



## PHILIPPA'S FIRST DATE

**E**VER since she started talking intelligibly at the age of 12 months, and spelling 6 months later, Philippa Schuyler has been in the public eye. Her mother still cherishes a tremendous scrapbook of clippings about Philippa. It wasn't until Philippa was 12, however, that she was permitted to see them. That's why she's a modest girl today.

With her 15th birthday coming this August 2, Philippa considers herself a young lady now. She's getting ready to go to college next Fall—to Manhattanville, a Catholic institution. She's using lipstick—a light coat for company occasions.

But best of all, she's gone out on her first date. He was John Escosa, a childhood friend whom she first met in Fort Wayne, Ind., while on a concert tour. He is an accomplished harpist, having played with orchestras in New York City. His grandfather was a supreme court judge in the Philippines.

With music a mutual interest, they have plenty to talk about on their dates. He would like composers to put more arrangements for the harp in their pieces and has been trying to influence Philippa to that end.

Philippa has had romantic interests before—puppy love affairs like her adoration of a 20-year-old French flier she met in Mexico City two years ago. But her mother comments: "She has just gotten into adolescence and become aware that there is such a thing as dignity."

Tall for her age and quite pretty, Philippa now weighs 115 pounds. Her hair is jet black and is combed in bangs and short ringlets. She is slender, erect.

In her personal habits, Philippa is very slow-moving, whether eating or dressing. She also spills things quite often, got many a spanking as a child because of the habit. At the age of 9, however, the spankings stopped. "Corporal punishment is outmoded," says Philippa.

She calls both of her parents by their first names; her mother Josephine is "Jody." Although neither parent is religious, Philippa is preparing to join the Catholic Church. She attended school at the Convent of the Sacred Heart and finished the elementary grades at the age of 10. Now she has a tutor for Latin, Spanish and geometry in preparation for entering college.

At home Philippa's hobbies include a doll collection for practice in dress designing and two pet cats named Ifret and Djin. (She also has eight neighborhood alley cats as feline friends and has named all of them). For relaxation she turns to a volume of Shakespeare's *Collected Works*.

In her own little world she has had virtually no contact with racial discrimination.

"Jim Crow hasn't touched her," Mrs. Schuyler notes. "People are always very nice to Philippa. Of course, she understands the whole basis of the business historically; she knows all about how minority groups have been treated, and what different groups were minorities at different periods, and so on. She understands Jim Crow intellectually, but she hasn't felt it emotionally."





**FROLICKING IN THE SNOW** in High Bridge Park near her Convent Avenue home, Philippa gets a chance to try out her real Eskimo parka and mukluks shoes sent her from the Bohavic Fur Farms in Alaska. They were a birthday present.



**A YOUTHFUL WATUSSI GIANT SETS UP THE HIGH JUMP BAR AT 8 FEET 3 1/8 INCHES. THE HILL FROM WHICH JUMPERS TAKE OFF IS 2 1/2 INCHES HIGH.**

# KINGS OF JUMP

**Strange African race tops all world high jump records**

**H**IGHEST any athlete in international sports competition has ever jumped is 6 feet 11 inches. The world's record, held by Lester Steers of the United States, has been on the books for five years.

Yet at the exact geographical center of Africa, midway between Cairo and Cape-town, live a strange race of men, every one of whom can exceed the world's high jump record. They have jumped as high as 8 feet 2 inches.

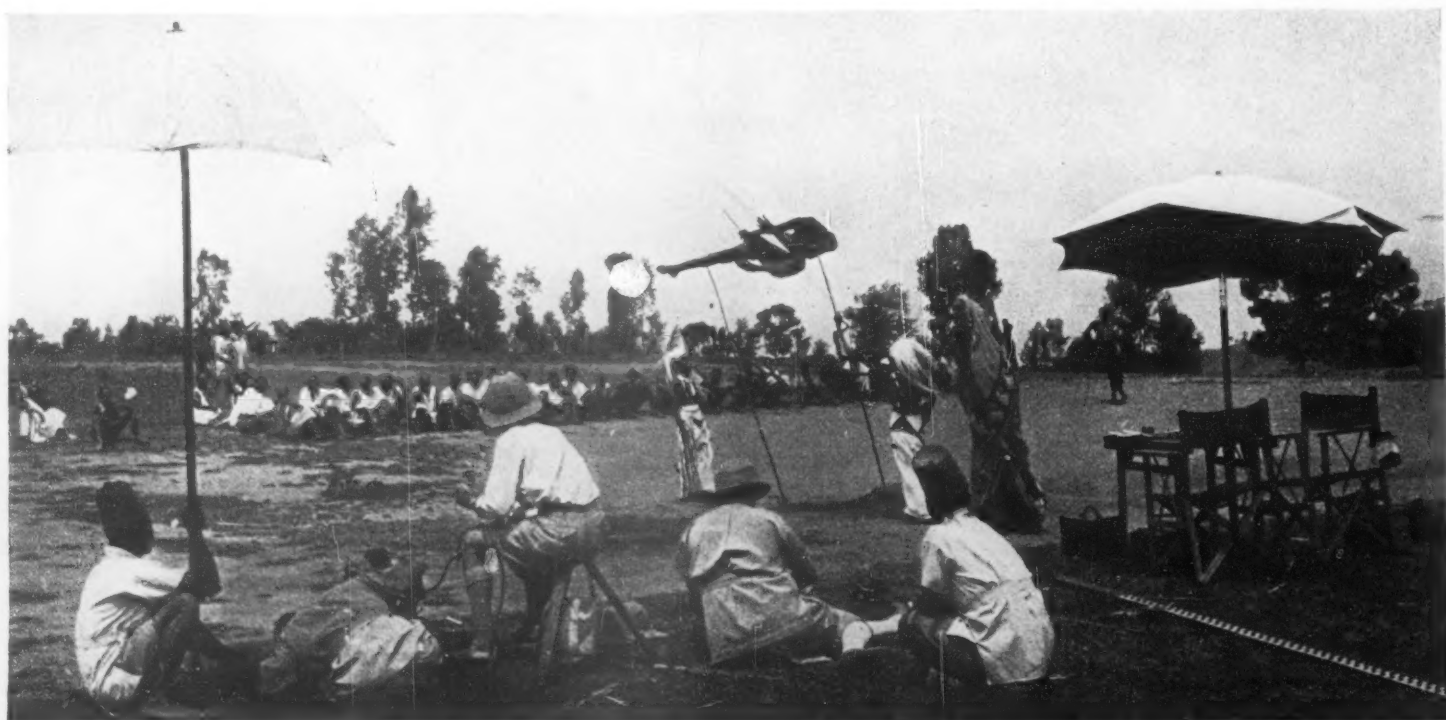
They are the strange, mysterious, remarkable Watussi people, whose average height is over 7 feet. Every young man is supposed to be able to jump as high as himself and some are as tall as nine feet. They are the true world's kings of jump.

High jumping is the national sport of the Watussi, who live in the small country of Rwanda, a Belgian Congo mandate. The spectacular race of 80,000 giants, who are descendants of the ancient Pharaohs of Egypt, are the tallest men on earth. They are all top physical specimens who constantly keep in training. Their greatest pleasure is sports and athletics in which they surpass virtually all white champions.

Secret of their magnificent physiques is threefold:

- They eat with moderation, mainly vegetables. Meat is virtually out of their diet.
- They fast to prevent illness. When sickness comes, they stop eating.
- They stay away from drinking. Their only alcoholic is made of honey, milk and bananas.

Watussi men are one, two and three feet taller than the comely women of their race. Their women's top height is 5 feet 10 inches.



**AFRICAN EXPLORERS HAVE BEEN AMAZED BY WATUSSI HIGH JUMPING. HERE IS COMMANDER ATTILIO GATTI TAKING MOVIES.**





**WITH ASTONISHING EASE AND GRACE, A WATUSSI WARRIOR SOARS OVER THE HIGH JUMP BAR AT 8 FEET 2 INCHES.**

**AT** REGULAR Watussi sports festivals, which are miniature Olympic games, the magnificent men of the land of living Pharaohs display their ability as jumping jacks.

The 29-year-old monarch who rules over

the Watussi explained to the noted African explorer Commander Attilio Gatti, who visited the kingdom, that the handsome athletes had to keep in shape constantly because "we are so tall that we cannot afford to grow flat and flabby. We

would become monstrosities."

The Watussi homeland is just below the equator but nights are so cold that no respectable husband will go to bed before a half a dozen virgins have warmed the connubial couch for himself and his wife.

BEFORE LIFE-SIZE CRUCIFIX, YOUNG LADY OFFERS A PRAYER  
FOR PEACE AT OUR LADY OF THE DIVINE SHEPHERD CHURCH







**TYPICAL NEGRO CATHOLIC IS THIS REVERENT NEGRO WOMAN IN PRAYER AT TRENTON, N. J., CHURCH WHICH HAS A LARGE INTERRACIAL CONGREGATION. CHURCH IS HEADED BY NEGRO PRIEST WHO HAS A WHITE ASSISTANT.**

## CONVERTS OF COLOR

### Catholic Church finds equality policy wins Negro followers

**N**EGROES are made, not born Catholics. The majority of the 350,000 U. S. colored Catholics are converts.

Conversion is no simple ritual, but more and more of the estimated eight million unchurched colored Americans are coming to Catholic churches across the nation to adhere to the Roman faith. One of every 40 Negroes is Catholic today compared with one of 60 some 20 years ago. A typical interracial Catholic church in Trenton, N. J., the Church Of Our Lady Of The Divine Shepherd, reflects the new religious upsurge that last year brought some 20,000 Negroes in the nation to "profess the faith." Pastor is a Negro, his assistant white.

Except in Dixie, where law forbids it, all Catholic churches are interracial and this feature has been the biggest selling point in the Catholic campaign to convert Negroes. The South has 259 Negro Catho-

lic churches, the North a scant 75, evidence of the trend toward integration.

However, clergy and laity alike recognize a distinction between what the church believes and teaches and what is practiced in church. In many Catholic institutions, both North and South, Jim Crow is still rigidly enforced. In Chicago's "Black Belt," solidly populated with Negroes, the Catholic church still maintains a lily white high school.

But interracialism is strictly adhered to in many churches. Trenton is an example with its Negro pastor, Rev. Vincent Smith and white aide Rev. Denis Guiner. Here in the thriving industrial Jersey town, many Negro converts have been brought into the Catholic church.

Joining the Catholic church is no easy, smooth procedure, takes longer than in Baptist, Methodist or other Protestant churches. Converts must renounce for-

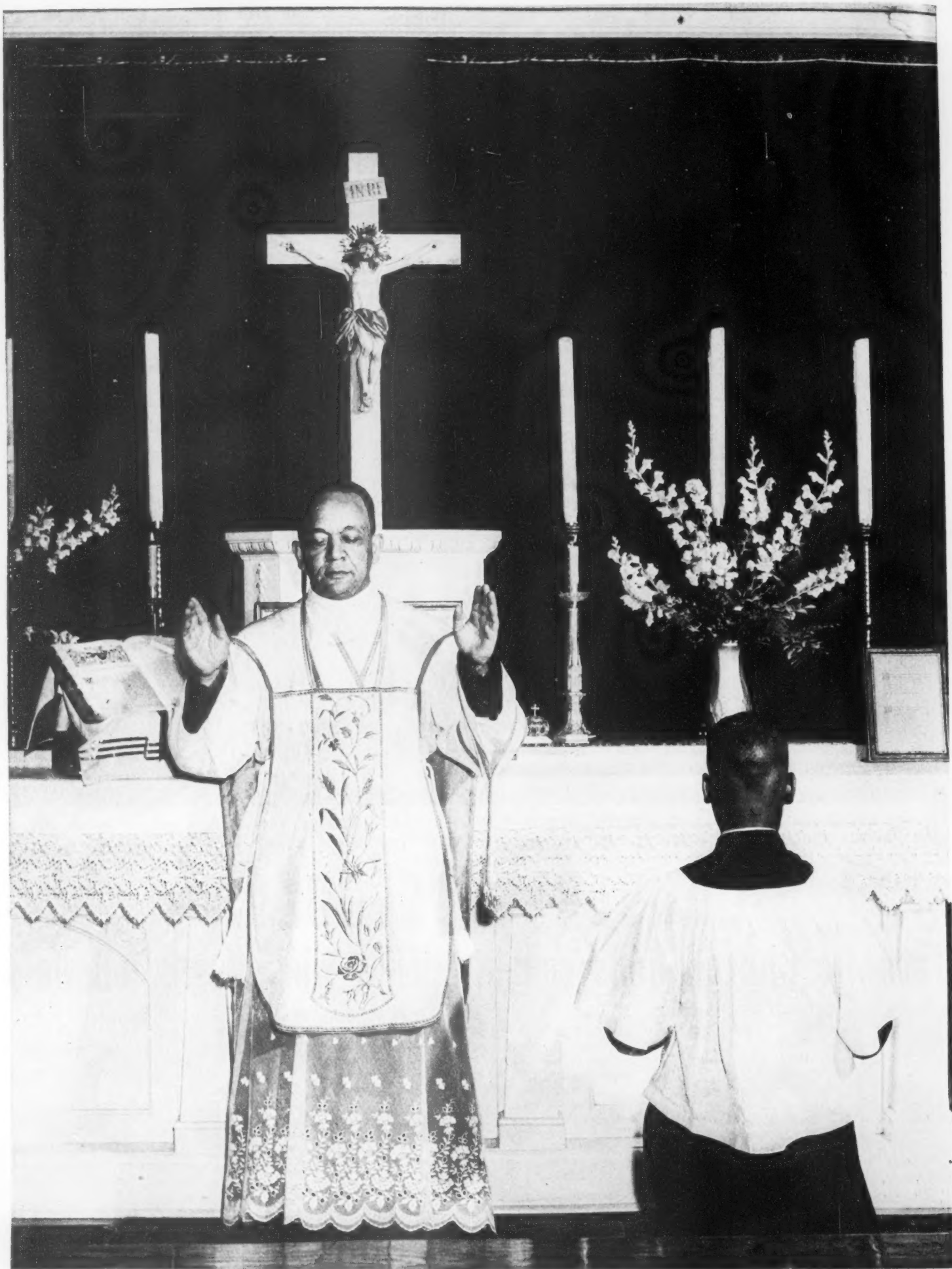
mer religion, attend class for an average of three months, learn the "catechism," a question-answer manual on Catholicism. When Father Smith gets a convert, he must take them through three other important steps:

- Read the "Profession of Faith," a long statement in which the convert vows to adhere to "Catholic Faith, outside of which nobody can be saved."

- Receive the Baptism with a "good Catholic, who has attained the use of reason" acting as sponsor.

- Be absolved of all heresy.

To obtain forgiveness of sins, a Catholic must examine his conscience, have sorrow for sins, and resolve never again to commit sin. Then in a confession, he tells priest, "I accuse myself of the following sins," and then enumerates. Priest holds confession as a top secret, is strictly forbidden to divulge sins told him.



**BLESSING** his Negro and white congregation is Kentucky-born Rev. Vincent A. Smith who presides over the Trenton, N. J., Our Lady Of The Divine Shepherd Roman Catholic Church. He was one of the first priests ordained at the famed St. Augustine's Seminary in Mississippi, which has turned out all but seven of the 26 Negroes to become priests in the last 12 years. Father Smith pastored in Louisiana, Missouri and Illinois before going to Trenton. He is a World War I veteran, has been a priest 12 years.





**AT MAIN ALTAR** of Trenton church, Private Daniel Richardson kneels to get blessings before returning to his unit. Assisting Father Smith (left) are Revs. Alexander Leedie (center) and Gerald M. Hofstee. Father Leedie is pastor at the mixed St. Peter Claver Church in Asbury Park, N. J. and Father Hofstee has just returned from missionary work in India. Catholic priests of all colors command same respect from church members. "A priest is a priest, regardless of color," says Father Leedie.

**C**ATHOLIC campaigning for colored converts is of recent date.

In the years that followed Emancipation, the Catholic Church did little to win over Negro Americans, spent most of its time and talent converting the "heathen" in foreign lands. But as early as 1891, Pope Leo XIII in a papal encyclical pointed out the fertile field for converts existing among Negroes in America.

Main appeal to Negroes stems from the policy of strict equality expounded by Catholic leadership, including Pope Pius XII, who recently asked Negro newsman Roi Ottley to convey to American Negroes his hope for their "well-being, happiness and ultimate triumph over the handicaps with which they are confronted."

Top official of the Roman Catholic hierarchy is the Pope. Three times Negroes have held the multi-titled position, guided the church through critical periods of its early development. All three were Africans, of pure Negro blood, were later canonized Saints.

First Negro priest in America was ex-slave Rev. John Bolton, born in 1848 near Hannibal, Mo. A chance meeting with a white Catholic priest led him to an amazing life, to education for the priesthood at the Propaganda of the Faith seminary in Rome, and eventual pastorate of St. Monica's church in Chicago.



**OFFERING PRAYER** before Madonna and child, Private Richardson is solemn in reverence. Negro soldiers who are Catholics worship with white priests and with two Negroes who serve in Jim Crow Army units.



**CATHOLIC SCHOOLS ARE ATTRACTING MORE AND MORE NEGRO STUDENTS. TRENTON CATHOLIC CHURCH HAS SCHOOL WITH EIGHT GRADES ATTENDED BY 120 PUPILS. NUNS TEACH THREE R'S AND CATHOLIC RITUALS.**

## WHY I BECAME A CATHOLIC

By Claude McKay

**WHENEVER** an intellectual who thinks, finds himself in need of religion, he generally turns, as I have done, to the authentic church of Christ—the Holy Roman Catholic Church. I am indeed proud to be among that company of intellectuals.

I have no quarrel with Protestantism as such. Only as a classicist and traditionalist and a fanatic lover of the truth in history, I am astounded that so many educated Protestants are so ignorant about early growth and traditions of the Christian religion.

The Roman Catholic Church may have made mistakes; its work is done by human beings who are liable to make mistakes. But when a man is ill, the doctor does not order that his legs and hands and head be chopped off to save him. The doctor tries to heal him with medicine. Protestants in their bitterness and bigotry have tried to behead the Roman Catholic Church. The result, yesterday and today, is the intense kindling of hatred between Catholics and Protestants and Jews.

Now I turn to the color and race angle of my becoming a Catholic. I think that the Negro people should know more about the Roman Catholic Church. With this knowledge, they could confound the majority of white Christians.

Like the Mohammedan religion today, there never was any race and color prejudice in the Roman Catholic Church from its beginning up until the Reformation.

It is said that three of the early popes were Negroid. In the Schomburg library in New York there is the photograph of

the nephew of a pope—a duke—who is unmistakably Negro. Early church fathers, such as St. Athanasius and St. Augustine, were Negroid in the American sense of the word. There may have been many others. But, as I have said, there was no race or color prejudice in the world of the early church, and so it was not necessary or important to mention the color or race of any of its protagonists.

If I were asked to put my finger on the greatest weakness of the American Negro, I should point to his imitative Protestant and Anglo-Saxon way of thinking and acting and his naive acceptance of the materialistic Protestant god of Progress as his own. For it seems to me that Protestantism is inimical and fundamentally opposed to the material development and the intellectual and spiritual aspirations of the Negro.

There were three great events which

coincided to give impetus to the rise of Protestantism in the 15th and 16th centuries: (a) the looting of the Roman Catholic Church, (b) the discovery of America, (c) the transportation of African Negroes as slaves to America. There were slaves, white and black, in ancient times and in the feudal ages. The seven-centuries old Mohammedan conquest of Spain had introduced African slavery in Europe. But such slavery was mild and the slaves had certain rights. It was the Protestant-Anglo-Saxon-American system of slavery which brutalized the Negro and reduced him to a subhuman being.

The men who arrogantly looted the Roman Catholic Church in the 16th Century were like the Communists of today, propertyless, but brainy, astute and unscrupulous. Luther had his hordes of peasant followers and Henry VIII was abetted by men of the lower middle class who made fortunes and thus became the new upper class of the Episcopalian domain.

Protestant propaganda insinuates that slavery was most inhuman in the Latin and Catholic countries. But any Negro who can afford it today may visit Latin countries and see the difference between their treatment of Negroes and that which is accorded them in England and in the United States.

In joining the Roman Catholic Church, I feel proud of belonging to that vast universal body of Christians, which is the greatest stabilizing force in the world today—standing as a bulwark against all the wild and purely materialistic isms that are sweeping the world.

**CLAUDE MCKAY is the well-known Negro author, whose book *Home To Harlem* was the first best seller written by a Negro. He was formerly associated with the Communist magazines, *The Liberator* and *New Masses*. In publishing this article, *EBONY* does not necessarily endorse his opinions.**





## BUNK JOHNSON

Jazz longhairs find new idol  
in trumpeter of bygone era

INTO the blasé New York world of intellectual longhairs who take their jazz sitting down and think dancing to "le hot" is sacrilege has come a new idol. He is white-haired Willie Gary "Bunk" Johnson, who has staged one of the grandest comebacks in musical history.

In a manner that is both wonderful and amazing, Bunk Johnson, 66 but spiritually ageless, is playing his trumpet and leading an authentic group of south Louisiana musicians in re-creating the spirited musical language of that glittering, roaring and romantic period in which American jazz was born.

The music Bunk Johnson's band plays is of a bygone era. It is no more contemporary to the jazz of today than was Byzantine music in Beethoven's time. But the relation of the art of the venerable but spry Bunk to sophisticated jazz moderns such as Duke Ellington and Art Tatum is definite and undeniable, though hardly obvious.

It is decidedly apparent in the warmth and vitality of Bunk's jazz that here is an artist who believes passionately in what he creates. So much so, in fact, that he proudly admits that in 50 years of playing he has not changed his style.

(Continued on Next Page)



**GOING STRONG** at 66, Bunk Johnson sees hope for the future in his current comeback after a stretch as a truck driver in the Louisiana harvest fields at \$1.75 an hour. "All the South wants from the Negro is labor," he says. "I know cause I put in many a day myself. 'Course a Negro musician fares a little better for he's able to make white people dance to his tune."

## REVIVAL OF RAGTIME

**T**HE STORY of Bunk Johnson is one of the truly moving romances of American jazz, marked by a rare exhibition of human fortitude and climaxed by the revival of original ragtime long after that rustic art had been bypassed by time. This art Bunk has carefully preserved with all its robust color and drive and is reproducing in a drastically-changed, essentially alien environment for audiences that are in turn enthusiastic or unappreciative, kindly or patronizing.

But Bunk doesn't think about the cultural and historical significance of his music. To him it is the only way to play. The real explanation of his steadfast resistance to immersion in the mainstream of jazz development is in his rich, easy, unique personality.

For he is essentially a man who all too often looks back into the teeming past, aided by an utterly prodigious memory, and loves with great tenderness what he sees there. It is unlikely that without this inner regard for the past Bunk could reflect with such complete integrity and technical fidelity the music of that storied period when crinolines were the fashion and William McKinley and Teddy Roosevelt occupied the White House.

As the arch-conservative of jazz, Bunk has made no concessions to changing techniques in his field and remarkably few to a changing world whose new, pulsing rhythms have nothing in common with the baroque elegance and lusty tempo of the world he knew. He is a traditionalist of the most rigid kind, playing the music he loves in a society he dislikes.

The New Orleans of the Nineties in which Bunk grew up and learned music was a brawling, brutal, squalid, sporting city. It spawned picturesque characters by the score and barrel houses that were numberless. It was a fabulous city, peopled by a confusion of racial types and containing a veritable gallery of colorful characters whose appetites were large and lusty. Bunk marks off the phases in his life by the emergency to notoriety of personalities like Lulu White, Dago Tony and Tom Anderson, fire disasters in the Tenderloin district, and the passing of Storyville, the red light section.

"That was the Crescent City in them days," Bunk recalls, "full of bars, honky tonks and barrel houses. A barrel house was just a piano in a hall. There was always a piano player working. When I was a kid I'd go into a barrel house and play 'long with them piano players 'till early in the mornin'. We used to play nuthin' but the blues."

Barrel houses were "in bloom" in New Orleans between 1895 and 1910, Bunk says, and all of the early jazz greats played in them at one time or another. He remembers with startling accuracy practically everything that he saw or did.

He remembers Louis Armstrong the boy following him in the streets, "Bein' right with me right at my side, carryin' my horn for me 'till he began to know me real good." The first trumpet lesson he ever gave Louis was on July 4, 1910, the day of the classic Johnson-Jeffries fight. Louis was ten then.

Though his engagement at the Stuyvesant Casino on New York's lower Second Avenue has ended, Bunk is keeping his band together and will be heard again.





**ALTON PURNELL**, 34, is youngest member of band, was a newspaper delivery man before he started pounding the piano with Bunk's outfit. He's Bunk's only concession to modernism.



**SLOW DRAG** (Alicde Pavageau), 57, was named after a dance of 35 years ago. He plucks his bass with such violence spectators can't imagine what keeps strings from snapping.



**JIM ROBINSON**, 53, worked in a shipyard all during the war, returned to the tailgate trombone when Bunk organized his new band. Bunk's band says he plays best "when he has a hangover."

## BUNK LEARNED FROM 'KING OF THEM ALL' — BUDDY BOLDEN

**BUDDY "KING" BOLDEN** has now become a legend of jazz. He was the first real jazz musician—in Bunk's words, "the king of them all."

As a cornet artist Bolden built up a tremendous following in New Orleans, headed a band that dominated popular music of his day and became a famous citizen. He influenced Bunk to play in the style of New Orleans ragtime and was therefore the biggest single factor in his musical education. In 1907 Bolden suffered a breakdown and was put in the East Louisiana State Hospital, where he died in 1931. It was left to Bunk to continue the tradition.

"That King Bolden was one fine-lookin' brownskin man," Bunk says, staring into space wistfully, "tall and slender and a terror with the ladies. He was the first man I knowed who ever played jazz in New Orleans. He was the greatest ragtime cornet player, with a round, keen tone. He could execute like hell and play in any key. He had a *head*, Buddy did!"

Bunk first heard Bolden at Lincoln

Park in 1895. Bolden was playing rags and blues and Bunk fell into the new style and developed technique on his instrument. He had learned to read music at New Orleans University, which he left in 1894, and thus became the first Negro jazz musician to read music. (Bolden could not read).

Of his early musical talent Bunk relates, "I could fake like 500 when I came out of school. Anything I heard I could play. I knew my sharps and flats from 1 to 7." His first important job was with the Adam Olivier Band at Johnson Park in 1895.

They played pure ragtime music in those days, Bunk says, and maintains that modern jazz will eventually revert to ragtime as played in the Nineties.

He scorns modern jazz which he calls "that swing-riff stuff." He doesn't think it will last, and points indignantly to the fact that today's swingsters have "butchered" the old jazz classics and violated the fundamental rule of jazz playing: stick to the melody.

"Jazz is going right back to ragtime," he insists. "You got to have your melody and stick to it. You improvise on the melody, using chromatics and diminished chords mainly. Them modern smart-alecks forget their melodies and lose their direction. That's no good. Jazz is just like taking a voyage. You got to have a compass, which is your melody, to go by."

Bunk remembers vividly the rollicking dances at Johnson Park and Perseverance Hall, and the street parades paced by the brass bands. He remembers scenes of violence on Perdido Street and the gaudy prostitutes of Storyville. He remembers his mother's sumptuous Creole dishes: red beans and rice, gumbo, stewed fish, grits and liver, and baked chicken ("stuffed with rice and oysters"). He remembers all the great musicians he played with, those who preceded him and those who succeeded him, the living and the dead: John Robichaux, Henry Allen, Dave Perkins, Sidney Bechet, Manuel Perez, Mutt Carey, Tony Jackson, Freddie Keppard, Joe Oliver and countless others.



**LAWRENCE MARRERO**, 45, plays the banjo and guitar but is a skilled painter and roofer as well.



**BABY DODDS**, 49, is considered by many jazz purists the one and only drummer worth talking about today.



**GEORGE LEWIS**, 45, is an ex-longshoreman who does fast solos on his clarinet. He's small, tidy-looking.

(Continued on Next Page)

# PUREST ART IN AMERICA

FOR YEARS Bunk Johnson wandered America and the world, sometimes playing his trumpet, sometimes working as a stevedore, mechanic, truck driver and factory hand. He toured with the Wallace and Hagenbeck Circus band and with the Original Georgia Smart Set show. In 1906 he took a small combination to Russia for three weeks. He also visited Australia, England, France, Germany, South America and South Africa.

"I been to many a place," he says, simply.

He seems to have played jazz continuously for 37 years until his musical career was abruptly interrupted by the loss of his teeth. That same year, 1931, he lost his only trumpet in a dance hall riot at Rain's, La., where he was playing with Ivan Thomas' Black Eagle Band. Hard times forced him to go to work as a truck driver in the rice fields.

"I had to give up music," he explains, "'cause I had lost my foundation. I thought my playin' days had ended." Then he was found by a number of northern white jazz enthusiasts who had a set of dental plates made for him and, in 1939, presented him with a trumpet.

Prior to this Bunk had entered into protracted correspondence with William Russell, Frederic Ramsey, Jr., Charles Edward Smith and Eugene Williams, who formed the nucleus of the group responsible for rescuing him from the wretched obscurity of the New Iberia rice fields and restoring him to an honored place in American music.

These men, erudite and hotly passionate in the defense of their jazz and idols, regard Bunk with genuine affection and the kind of awe usually reserved for prophets and pundits. Their adulation of Bunk and spirited advocacy of his music is typified by the following appraisal of Bunk's art by one of them: "... the purest, most un-commercial, most creative musical art in America or in the world today."

The Bunk Johnson revival has also provoked a fierce controversy in jazz circles. Bunk's admirers have been labelled cultists of a dead and corny musical form. Battle lines have been drawn and articles emphasizing both the genius of Bunk's music and its limitations have been written. Those who are interested in de-bunking Bunk are relatively few in number, while those who love him are actively claiming for him the distinction of being the world's sincerest jazz trumpeter and creator of the only form of American folk music worth listening to.

Cultists or not, these jazz devotees have rendered an important service to American music in helping to keep alive the spirit of New Orleans jazz as it was played 40 years and more ago by the Boldens and Bunk Johnsons. Regardless of a definite tendency to romanticize and to reject the moderns with barely a hearing, these men have a warm, sincere feeling for true Negro music. In championing Bunk Johnson in so vigorous a fashion they have made available to thousands of Americans, who might otherwise never have experienced it, one of the truly important sources of our still-growing folk culture.





OVER AN OLDTIME PITCHER OF BEER, BUNK JOHNSON CHATS WITH A COUPLE OF YOUTHFUL CUSTOMERS. AUDIENCES ARE FOND OF BUNK, CONTINUALLY INVITE HIM OVER FOR A DRINK AND TALK. THEY KNOW OLD NUMBERS, MAKE REQUESTS TO BUNK (BELOW). THESE TWO ARE BETTY BOULTON AND JEFF JACKSON.

## Bunk's a philosopher, too

**A** PHILOSOPHER as well as a musician, Bunk Johnson likes to talk and tell folks his view of the world today and yesterday. Typical remarks:

"I'm a longshoreman, too. If I hit a town and music don't pay, I'll go to work stevedoring. I always carry my working clothes with me."

\* \* \*

"I'm a union man myself, carry two union cards. Labor's got to be organized to get anywhere."

\* \* \*

"Back in the early days they called our music 'rowdy' music 'cause it was so rough. That was 'long before they started using that word jazz. And what I play right now is still the same old 'rowdy' music."

\* \* \*

"I've played music for white people all over the world and many of my best friends are white. But there's always somebody who'll come up and say to you, 'Hey, nigger, play this!'"

\* \* \*

"People nowadays don't have fun. There's a whole lot of hatred and jealousy in the world that's not necessary."





## FILM PARADE

# Centennial Summer

**AN OLD-TIMER** in movies, Avon Long, and a new-timer, 4-year-old Floyd Sanders, combine their sensational talents to entertain the customers in an 1876 saloon in the new 20th Century-Fox technicolor musical *Centennial Summer*. The little girl joins the immortal Sportin' Life of *Porgy and Bess* in singing a number by the late Jerome Kern, *Cinderella Sue*. Floyd is Cinderella Sue. Joining in on the specialty are four delightful boys ranging in age from 7 to 11.

*Centennial Summer*, which is built around the great Philadelphia Exposition of 1876 marking the 100th anniversary of the Declaration of Independence, stars Linda Darnell, Cornel Wilde, Walter Brennan, Constance Bennett and Dorothy Gish. It is the second appearance by Long in a Jerome Kern musical. He was featured several seasons back on Broadway in *Very Warm For May*.

He has played in two Hollywood films with Lena Horne, *Cabin In The Sky* and the current *Ziegfeld Follies*. Long is a much-acclaimed Broadway night club entertainer and first broke into show business in Boston.



## The Harvey Girls

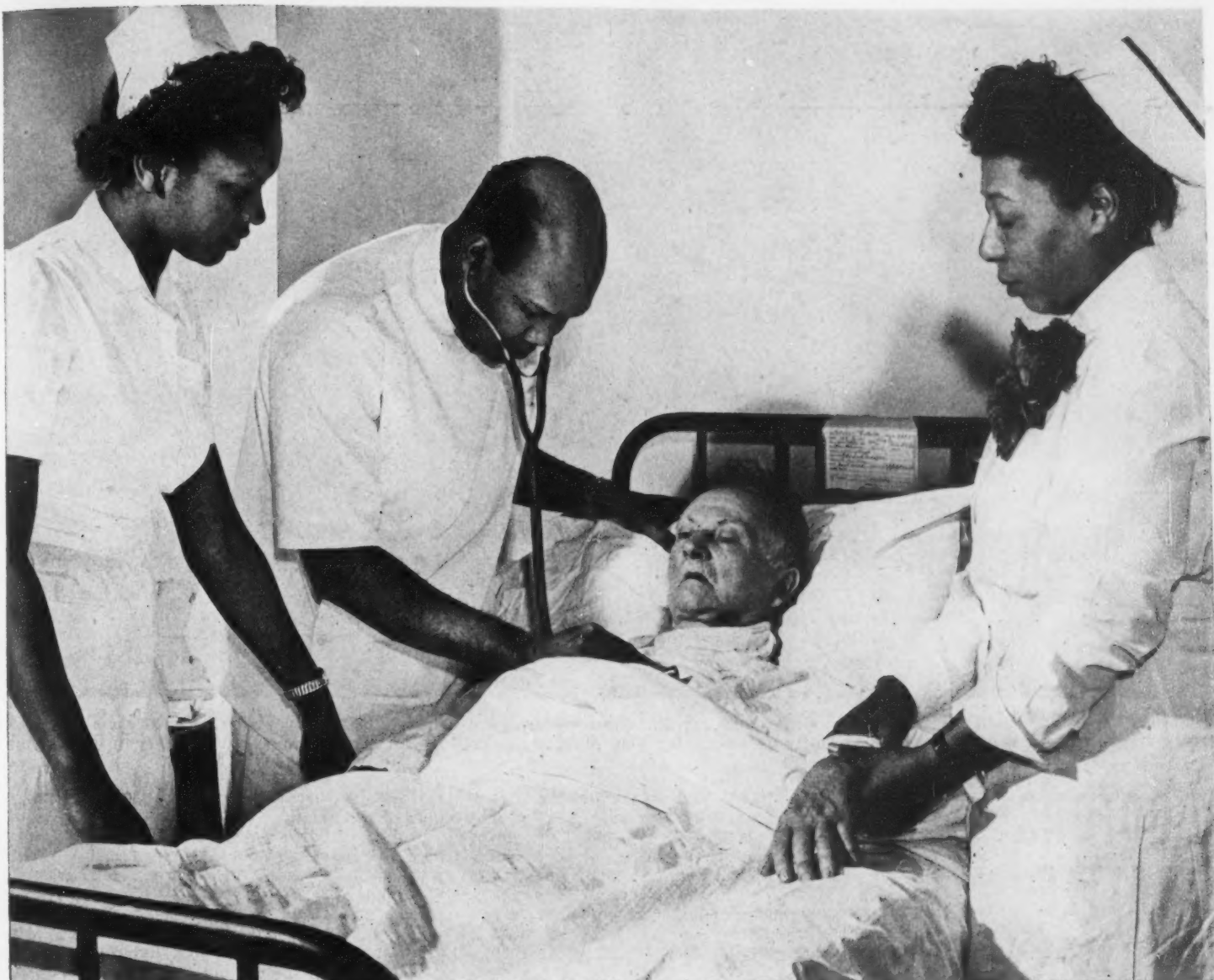
**THAT HIT SONG**, *On The Atchison, Topeka and the Santa Fe*, is given a big sendoff by jolly Ben Carter, who plays the role of John Henry in the new gay MGM Technicolor musical *The Harvey Girls*. Carter, who is back in a conventional cook's part, works in the dance hall which tries to put the new Harvey restaurant out of business. Judy Garland grabs a couple of six-shooters and comes to the rescue of the luscious steaks nabbed by the gambling crowd to keep the Harvey outfit from opening.



## Joe Palooka, Champ

**FRESH** out of the army, heavyweight champ Joe Louis is back in the movies again in a short gymnasium sequence in the new Monogram picture *Joe Palooka, Champ*. Still no terror as a thespian, Joe punches a bag for the cameras and then engages in a bit of banter with J. Farrell McDonald, Leon Errol and Sam McDaniel. Three-time champ Henry Armstrong also has a short stand in front of the camera in the film. Both have worked in films before, mainly in all-Negro productions made for Negro audiences.





**NEGRO DOCTOR—WHITE PATIENT** mixture of Sydenham Hospital is based on its principle: "A sick person knows no racial prejudice and seeks only the best possible medical treatment." A total of 23 of the hospital's 158 physicians are Negro.

## PILLS FOR PREJUDICE

### Sydenham test in mixing races solves Negro doctor's dilemma

**N**EW YORK'S half-century-old Sydenham Hospital is named for an English surgeon famous for the segregation of contagious diseases. But bacteria is all that is segregated at Sydenham—contrary to established medical practices in most of America's hospitals.

Sydenham is the first voluntary U. S. hospital to mix trustees, doctors, nurses and patients and forget the color line when sickness strikes. It is the first hospital that is interracial from top to bottom, from directors to elevator boys.

For two years now Sydenham has upset the color complexion of most hospitals, dared to mix the races in all its wards and semi-private rooms, defied the dismal prophets who said it wouldn't work. Two years have demonstrated beyond a doubt that it works.

Instead of squawks from patients the bold board of trustees got applause. To the NAACP, which shook its head and predicted dolefully that Sydenham would turn out to be a Jim Crow hospital when it first added Negro doctors and trustees, admitted Negroes to private rooms and declared itself interracial, statistics show:

- A 25 per cent increase in white patients.

- Not one patient has objected to sharing a semi-private room with a Negro.

- Emergency and public wards have had an 85 per cent upswing in service to whites.

- Negroes have begun to filter into private rooms, heretofore barred.

During the war, Sydenham was one of the few hospitals in the country not handicapped by lack of nurses or doctors, did not have to shut wards like most hospitals. Sydenham was able to draw on Negro doctors and nurses barred elsewhere.

Ultimately events on this Harlem block may improve the health of the nation, both physically and mentally. But everyone at Sydenham is too busy with his own job to think about such broad implications—or indeed to think about race at all. As one observer said, watching a Negro and white doctor preparing a white boy for a serious operation: "Maybe that's the answer to the whole thing. If all of us were very busy with very basic problems, who'd have time to think about color?"



**ON HARLEM'S FRINGE**, Sydenham Hospital is an 11-story building in a locality where the mortality rate is 36 per cent higher than the rest of the city.

(Continued on Next Page)



**HOSPITAL'S BOSS** David M. Dorin has as his main aim "to send out every white patient a convert to the interracial idea and every Negro patient satisfied." Board recently named pretty Jean Murray Smith of Washington as executive secretary of the hospital.

## DOCTORS BATTLE SICKNESS & RACISM

"**SYDENHAM** is dedicated to curing the sick first and the race problem second."

Tough-talking, energetic, soft-hearted Executive Director David M. Dorin has no qualms about frankly telling Sydenham's down-to-earth approach. "The perfection of the experiment is not consciously pushed to the detriment of any patient's health where definite mental attitudes against intermingling on the part of either race exist."

However, Dorin finds little occasion to cater to racist whims. In one case, when a doctor became indignant because his white patient was put into a room with a Negro, his patient refused to move, insisting she had grown fond of her Negro room-

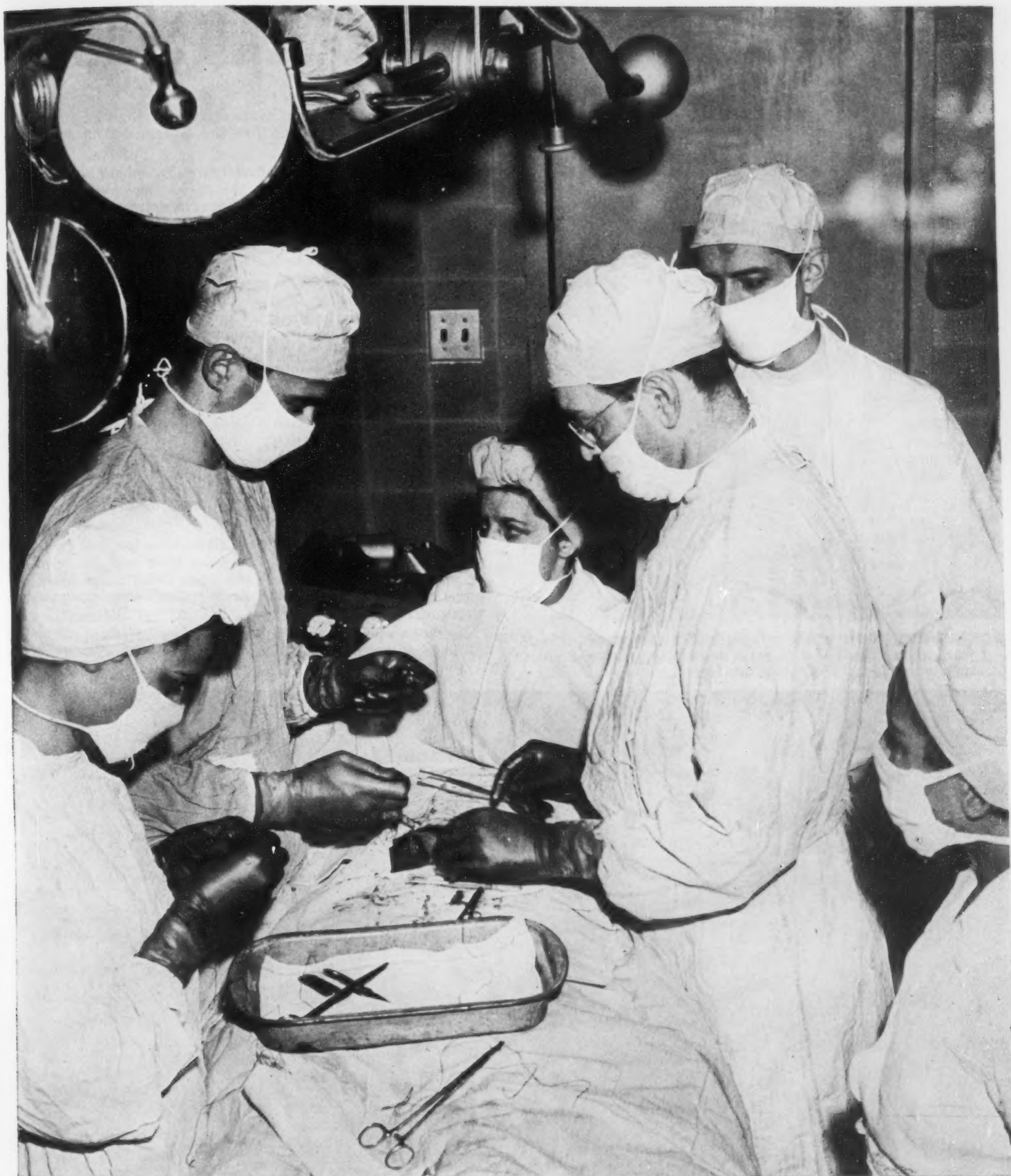
mate. She threatened to get another doctor if hers didn't like it.

Dorin is always conscious of the race problem and may have averted a Harlem massacre last year. The brothers of a white man, seriously wounded by a Negro, wanted to shoot Harlem wide open, taking revenge on every colored man in sight. Dorin yanked a white doctor off the case, instructed his best colored nurses and a crack Negro physician not to leave the critically wounded man for a minute. The frantic brothers were impressed with the skill of the Negroes and put their guns aside. Their brother finally died but Dorin's gamble worked—the brothers today are among Sydenham's strongest supporters.



**NEGRO AND WHITE INTERNES** at Sydenham eat, live and sleep together. When new interracial policy was inaugurated not a single white doctor quit. Two nurses, three maintenance workers did but were quickly replaced. Two of the 12 internes are Negroes.





**GALLSTONE OPERATION ON NEGRO WOMAN IS PERFORMED BY WHITE DOCTOR WITH NEGRO TECHNICIANS AIDING.**

**U**NTIL January, 1944, no Negro in the biggest city in America could get a private room in a hospital. No Negro doctor could send a private patient to a hospital and continue to treat him.

For Negroes, going to the hospital meant going to a public ward and accepting any doctor provided.

Negro internes had a rough time getting hospital clinical training and promising young men were often too discouraged to enter medical schools. Banning of Negro

doctors from the great voluntary teaching hospitals was in part to blame for the shortage of Negro doctors and the high mortality rate in Harlem.

Sydenham pioneered in breaking the color bars.

Its executive director, David M. Dorin, also went to bat against the American College of Physicians and Surgeons, which for 30 years had been saying "membership in the college is not being conferred upon members of the Negro race at this time."

Sydenham's famed Negro surgeon, Peter Marshall Murray, who has numerous white patients, was one of four colored doctors finally admitted last year.

Contrary to the impression created by periodic "Negro crime wave" scares (which usually coincide with a dearth of national and foreign news) Sydenham's ambulances pick up no more victims of shooting, knifing and brawling than do those of Beth Israel Hospital on New York's lower East Side.

*(Continued on Next Page)*



**CONTAGIOUS ROOM** of the children's ward isn't a very pleasant place to be, even with a nice doll and a pretty nurse. Six out of every ten nurses at Sydenham are Negro.

## MOTHERS AT SYDENHAM

**H**ARLEM'S maternity deaths are three times higher, infant mortality 82 per cent higher than the average for all of greater New York.

Battling against the law of averages, Sydenham has achieved startling success. It is proud that it has never lost a mother or baby when the mother had proper pre-natal care. Tragically, all too few pregnant women apply for care.

But, come time for the babies' birth, Sydenham is *too* popular with mothers-to-be. Its beds are always filled, and they have had to say "Sorry, no room" to 15 and 20 women every day.

Sydenham's social workers attribute the high birth rate (and, incidentally, high illegitimacy figures) to the war, and expect it to drop soon. If not, Sydenham may have to give priority on its building-list to additional maternity facilities. As matters now stand, a new nursing home and training school is the next addition contemplated.

Mailtime is one of the most gratifying hours of the day at 123rd Street and Manhattan Avenue. The hospital's firm, unhysterical approach toward integration has fired the sympathies of so many people that Sydenham can depend upon its daily mail not only for encouragement and enthusiastic approval, but for fully 60 per cent of its income, which tumbles out of the envelopes in unsolicited contributions ranging from crumpled singles to checks for hundreds of dollars.

Every patient discharged from Sydenham is asked for criticism, and while several scrapbooks are filled with the resultant praises and complaints, hardly ever are they written about the interracial nature of the staff or the mixed composition of the wards and semi-private rooms.

Sometimes people even request that they be put in beds next to those of another race. Curiosity, heroics, boredom or a de-



**VISIT BY A GREAT LADY** helps ease the pain of this little fellow with his leg in a splint. Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt came to see concrete proof of her belief in racial equality. She has been an enthusiastic supporter of the hospital's interracial plan.



# BEAT LAW OF AVERAGES

sire "to do more than just talk about brotherhood" prompt these requests.

A prize letter in Director Dorin's scrapbook came from a little town in New Jersey. A young mother wrote:

"I am going to have a baby about December 15th and I'd like to know if I could have it in your hospital.

"My sole stipulation would be that I be put in a room with at least one Negro mother and a Negro nurse if possible.

"My somewhat strange request is because I've lately had a great sorrow and know that my confinement will be a difficult one, mentally speaking. I feel, therefore, that it would help if I could somewhat submerge my own personal problem beneath the larger one of race-relations and perhaps be able to do my very small 'bit' by patronizing a hospital with such healthy ideals. I am fond of Negroes and know living in a room with one would help take my mind off things."

Patients at Sydenham include Spanish and Italian residents of lower Harlem, wealthy whites to whom treatment at Sydenham is a family tradition. Famous patients who have more or less become patrons, too, include Sophie Tucker, Eddie Cantor and Hazel Scott.

Because the neighborhood requires an unusually high proportion (57%) of free and part paid care, operating expenses exceed its income.

Two items have recently been checked off the Must Have list: the Department of Roentgenology (X-ray therapy) equipped with funds from the will of Lester N. Hofheimer, who was killed in a CBI plane crash in 1943, and a gift of radium, making Sydenham the only hospital in that area with facilities for the complete treatment of cancer.



**BLOOD PLASMA BANK** at Sydenham is filled with donations by people of every color. Here blood is separated by types, not by race. Red Cross segregation of blood is ridiculed at Sydenham.



**EXACTING LABORATORY WORK** is done by Negro and white technicians. Firsts at Sydenham include first Negro housekeeper, first Negro dietician, first Negro admitting officer at a metropolitan hospital institution. Half of the maintenance staff is Negro.

# LABOR'S LOVE GAINED

**T**HE BIGGEST NEWS in the history of race relations is being written these days on picket lines and in soup kitchens.

For the first time since Lincoln freed black men from slavery, the words "labor unity" have become a genuine reality. Today picket lines have no color; they are a blend of America, black and white men marching together shoulder to shoulder in the common cause of unionism. In soup kitchens in Gary, Detroit, Kansas City and Pittsburgh, Negroes and whites sit down together to eat at the long board tables and pay no more mind to skin color than they do to the color of their neighbor's eyes.

It has taken 80 long years but the organized labor movement of America has finally learned a painful but fruitful lesson. Lincoln put it one way: "A house divided against itself cannot stand." The popular *Ballad For Americans* in more recent times significantly warned: "Man in white skin can never be free while his black brother is in slavery."

Today the final vestiges of "white supremacy" are fading away in unions, crumbling under the hammer blows of bread-and-butter experiences in picket lines where every man is a vital link in a strike, labor's most potent weapon in its battle for survival. Unions have finally learned what industry long knew—that "divide and rule" applies to the factory, mine and mill no less than it does to world politics.

## Bread and Butter

**B**UT THE LESSONS haven't all been one-sided. Negro America, from its professionals and businessmen in the top-most brackets down to the lowly domestic, has discovered in dramatic terms on which side its bread is buttered.

With more than 95 percent of the Negro population working with its hands for a living, its destiny and self-interest lies with white men who labor. The Negro has found a new dignity in being a "worker." Author Fannie Cook expresses it vividly in her new book *Mrs. Palmer's Honey*, the story of a Negro maid who got a war job. Speaking to a CIO meeting, Honey says:

"The CIO come along and said to me, 'Honey, you're a worker.' At first I drew back.

"I said, 'I'm just Honey, a brown-skinned girl.'

"CIO answered, 'You got a job in a factory. That counts more than the color of your skin.' First time in my whole life anything about me counted more than the color of my skin."

Today Negroes doing important, skilled work in the nation have gained respect and pride. They are no longer on the outside looking in, no longer sweeping floors and dusting shelves, no longer the stepchildren of American industry. They have taken their rightful place in the ranks of the greatest production team in the world. They are part and parcel of the world community.

With their new stature, they are finding that ability and honesty and sincerity can count more than color in the labor movement. They are taking their place in the ranks of local unions not as Negroes, patronized and pampered to win their favor, but as full, erect men recognized for their wisdom, not their color. They have been elected by white and Negro union membership to high office without regard for race. In more than half a dozen international CIO unions they hold important posts.

## Every Man a Millionaire

**I**N TURNING to labor, a tremendous change has come over the Negro.

From his earliest moments of freedom after the Civil War, the Negro looked to the man of money, to big business rather than labor as its best friend. This was the Booker T. Washington principle, and it was followed by Negro civic and political leaders.

Certainly it had its foundation in actual experience. It was business, rather than labor, which gave Negro America millions of dollars in philanthropy to keep its educational institutions going. And it was labor rather than business that shut tightly the doors of union halls, excluding the darker brother.

These were the days when every American thought he could grow up to be a millionaire with any kind of luck, when rugged individualism ran rampant and every man who worked dreamed of having his own business some day. Negroes, being good typical Americans, thought that way too.

Even though they had to toil at the worst work for a living,

they dreamed of getting rich quick. And it was to business rather than labor that they looked for salvation. They accepted as a generous gift every gratuity from the Rockefellers and Rosenwalds even though they were treated as menial beasts of burden in the enterprises from which these moneyed men derived their riches.

The split between white and Negro labor was widened until it became an impassable chasm.

## Negro Strikebreakers

**T**HE NEGRO became the villain of the labor movement—the strikebreaker. As early as 1886 Negroes were used to break a Knights of Labor railroad strike on the Gould Lines in St. Louis. Though barred from skilled jobs in normal times, the railroad management hastily recruited Negro workers to smash labor. In 1911 a walkout of Illinois Central shopmen lasting three years was defeated by the use of Negro strikebreakers. The constant use of Negro strikebreakers accounted for the doubling of Negro labor on railroads in the 20 years preceding the recent depression.

White workers learned the disastrous results of "white supremacy." They recognized race hatred for what it is—the best strikebreaking weapon industry ever had. And when the new industrial unions of the CIO came into being, breaking down distinction of craft, they cracked the color line too.

In the 1946 strike wave, the CIO crusade against Jim Crow paid off dividends.

But more than just labor has benefitted. All America has gained immeasurably in the sum total of democracy achieved in the labor movement. For labor with its families adds up to 25 million Americans. If 25 million Americans can learn to live together and like it, why not all of America?

## Stockyards Pioneers the Way

**P**ERHAPS the classic, crowning example of the Negro's coming of age in labor is in the Chicago Stockyards where men and women, Negro and white joined hands and won a big strike for the first time in the history of the packinghouse industry. Here in the Stockyards—which Eugene Debs once termed "a stink and abomination in the nostrils of the world"—thousands of Negroes were brought in as strikebreakers 25 years ago and broke the back of the first big walkout in the stockyards.

The Negroes stayed in the stockyards jobs . . . but they learned why they were imported. They and their children became among the most militant members of the new CIO union which was born in the great CIO organization drive of the 30's. Today, more than half of the CIO union members in the yards are Negro. They were the backbone of the strike this time . . . and they were the difference between victory in 1946 and defeat in 1921.

Racial unity—so splendidly symbolized in Gordon Coster's photo of three CIO packinghouse unionists in action (Sam Curry, Herb March and Russell Coppage)—did the trick.

## Meet the Negro

**T**HE TAKE-IT-EASY, patience-not-pressure folks who like to soft-pedal the race issue, who love to bury their heads in the sand and say the less said about the race question the better, can look to labor for their answer to the Negro problem—or the white problem as some call it.

Labor learned the hard way. But they learned by pioneering and cutting a bold swath through the jungle of hate.

Labor learned because labor is selfish as are all humans. Labor learned because white men found they needed black men in their ranks to win a just and decent living wage.

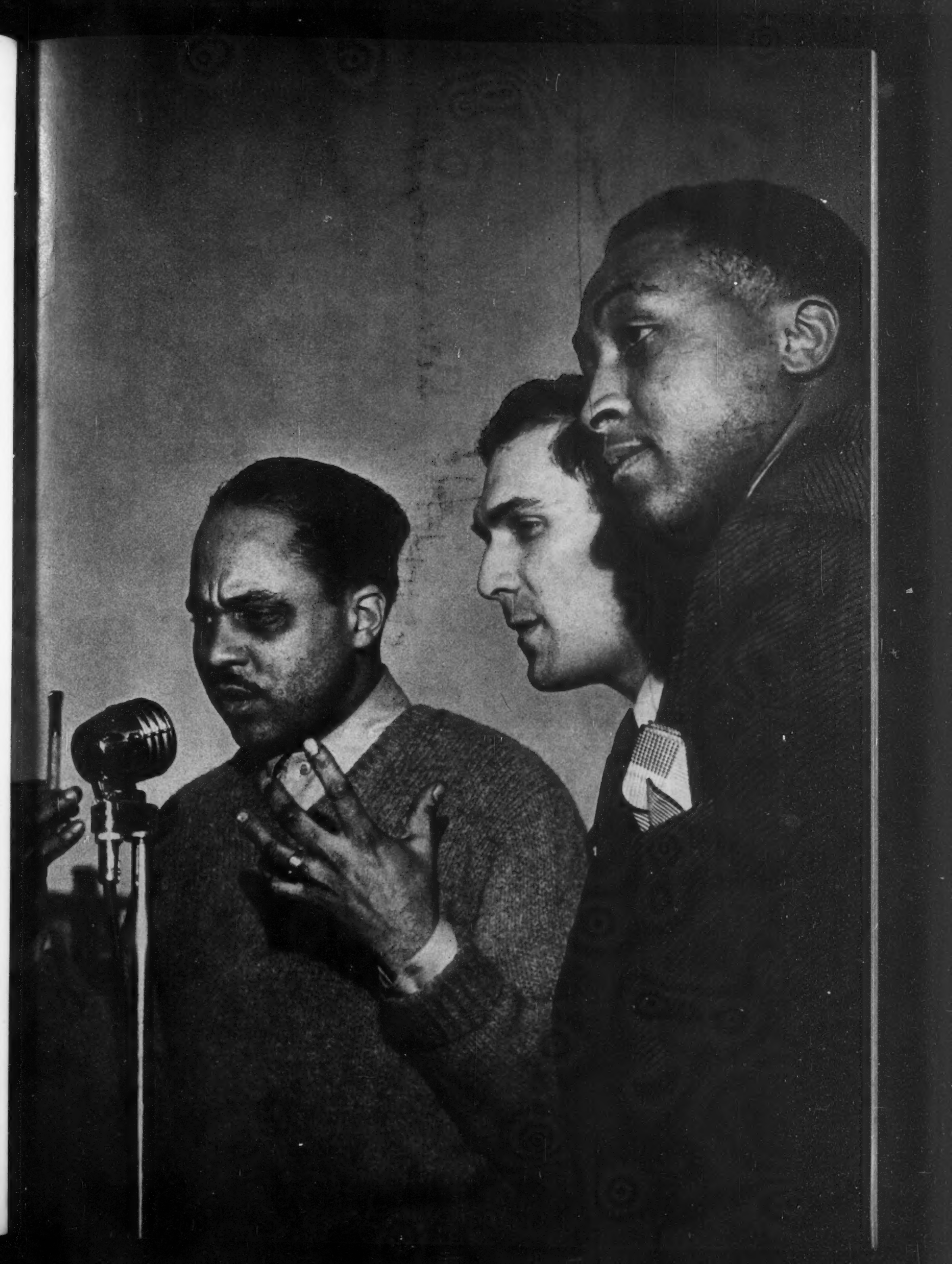
And in learning, they discovered in the Negro an American worth knowing—a fine, everyday, big-hearted human.

The rest of America still has to meet the Negro.

The Negro is still a stranger in this country. He is an outcast among his own countrymen—feared and despised, unknown and uncared for.

Labor has done a valuable job in race relations by opening the way to introducing the Negro to his fellow Americans. It's up to the Negro and to America to make the best of that introduction.







HUNDREDS OF SIGNED PHOTOGRAPHS OF CELEBRITIES LINE WENDELL P. DABNEY'S OFFICE.

## ONE-MAN NEWSPAPER

### Poetry and personality dominate Wendell P. Dabney's "Union"

DEAN of Negro newspaper editors is 80-year-old Wendell P. Dabney who owns, edits, and writes Cincinnati's "one-man weekly"—the Union.

Self-styled "little but loud, poor but proud," the Union is one of the few remaining personal newspapers in America, a hangover from an era in American journalism when virtually every editor's personality was reflected in the columns of his paper. The Union is unique too for its poetic headlines—like "The A & P Gave Her A Chance: She Proved Her Greatness Despite Color Or Pants" (a story about a Negro woman doing hauling for 100 A & P stores).

But most unique about The Union is its one-man staff, the editor-author-composer-musician-politician-historian-teacher Wendell P. Dabney who sits daily in his downtown Cincinnati office and lives with his memories, two coal stoves, stacks of old magazines and newspapers, a library of 10,000 books. Very much alive and alert, Dabney is an institution in Cincinnati with his rapier-like, crusading news

stories and items that keep local white and Negro folks on their toes.

A jolly, bright-eyed gent, he has a lusty sense of humor and finds editing his one-man newspaper lots of fun, even if it never amounts to much of a financial success. He has a flock of friends who steer occasional advertising his way and manages to keep The Union out of the red although his circulation is only 3,000.

"At 80 I'm still enjoying life about as much as ever," he says. "I think life should be enjoyed—and when enjoyment ceases a fellow might as well make his exit."

Dabney has personally known virtually all the Negro greats since the Civil War and treasures autographed photos of them that cover the walls of his office. There are Paul Lawrence Dunbar, the poet; W. C. Handy, father of the blues; Ira Aldredge, the actor. There are white notables too like Lady Astor, the ex-Virginian Britisher, and Nicholas Longworth, politician.

Tall and robust, Dabney is a great con-

versationalist. He loves to talk hours on end and his remarkable memory will bring back stories of decades ago.

But much as he likes to reminisce, Dabney's greatest pleasure out of life is editing his 40-year-old newspaper and writing the poetic headlines that give The Union its individuality. He likes to josh his customers and recently ran this bit:

I opened the envelope,  
Out fell a ten,  
From an old subscriber,  
Who had promised,  
Again and again;  
I nearly had  
A fainting fit,  
I was so surprised,  
At getting it.

His favorite crusade is for good conduct among Negroes. During the war he expanded the "V For Victory" slogan to a triple V: victory abroad, victory at home against racism and "victory over ourselves—our public misconduct, impoliteness, spendthrift habits, slovenliness, uncleanness."





**ONCE ONE OF AMERICA'S FINEST BANJO PLAYERS**, Dabney at 80 still is a whiz. He has published several works on the guitar, including one from the days of the Spanish-American war, *You Will Miss the Colored Soldiers*. He recalls: "As a boy I liked to go out with guitar or banjo and serenade the girls." Later he organized and led his own orchestra.



**PIANO PLAYING** is another Dabney hobby. On his 80th birthday he entertained friends on the piano and then did a clog dance, at which he excelled half a century ago. He showed one step that even ace Bill Robinson said he had never seen.

**WENDELL P. DABNEY** was born in the capital of the Confederacy just in time to get his freedom. The last shots of the Civil War were being fired when his mother, a slave in Gen. Winfield Scott's family in Virginia, presented a bawling boy to his father, John Dabney, a slave in the noted Dabney family of Virginia.

The Dabney youngster, urged on by his father, was quick to take advantage of the new educational opportunities for Negroes and graduated from Richmond High School. He went to Oberlin College for a year and then taught school in Richmond for eight years.

Not long afterward Dabney got a chance to manage the first colored hotel in the United States—the big four-story Dumas House in Cincinnati. His great uncle, Sandy Shumate, former butler to Confederate President Jefferson Davis, started the hotel and when he died in 1894, Dabney went to Cincinnati to run it and has stayed there ever since.

There he went into business of his own, too, and opened the first Negro gym in the old hotel. Negro greats like Joe Gans trained there. "The old Dumas House, later a tenement, was a great center for the Republican political rallies," he recalls. "I later sold the hotel to Charles F. Williams, president of the Western & Southern Life Insurance Company for an extension of the company's buildings—and there's Mr. Williams' photo among all my friends, white and colored, on the wall."

Dabney early became a power in GOP politics and was paymaster of the city of Cincinnati. In the 25 years he held the job, he handled some 80 million dollars in city funds.

Today Dabney looks back on those full years—but he also looks ahead despite his age and sees the Negro reaching new heights in American life, marking the greatest advances of any people or race in as short a period.



JERRY C. BARNES, WHO QUIT OFFICE WORK TO BECOME ONE OF THE LARGEST NEGRO POULTRY FARMERS IN AMERICA, WITH ONE OF HIS 6,000 WHITE LEGHORN LAYERS.

## FROM EGGS TO RICHES

Ex-stenographer found himself 6,000 hens to lay golden eggs outside nation's capital

A SUCCESS STORY with a moral for the thousands of Negro war workers caught in the current reconversion cutbacks is the rags-to-riches tale of Jerry C. Barnes, one of the largest Negro poultry farmers in America.

When peacetime unemployment came after World War I and stenographic jobs both in and out of government were about as scarce as hen's teeth for Negro Americans, one colored stenographer—Jerry C. Barnes—decided to utilize the business training and experience he had acquired in the nation's capital to operate a poultry farm.

That was the beginning of one of the largest egg-producing farms operated by colored farmers in all America.





**COLLECTING EGGS** is one of the poultry farmer's most important and most ticklish jobs. And it's especially tough when you have to collect 2,500 every day, says Barnes, who carefully handles a basketful on his Maryland poultry farm.

**WHEN** stenographer Jerry C. Barnes went into the poultry business, he had one handicap and one asset. He knew nothing about poultry but lots about business.

For one thing, his business acumen told him that he ought to be near a good market for his chickens and eggs. Five or six miles out of Washington would be perfect, he thought. So, he sought a farm in the vicinity of the District of Columbia. Finally he landed a good buy at Forestville, Maryland, just six miles from Washington. It contained 49 acres—about the size he wanted.

The buildings were somewhat run-down and the land hadn't been cared for any too well, but he'd build it up and make it the kind of farm he used to dream of owning as he sat in the movies, watching restful farm scenes flash on the screen in travelogues.

Barnes soon found out though that running a farm wasn't half as restful as it seemed on the screen. There were endless chores to be performed—feeding and watering the flock, cleaning the poultry houses, collecting, grading, and packing the eggs, selecting baby chicks at the hatchery, protecting them against cold and diseases, culling the flock to get good layers, and finally, finding a steady market for his product.

Farmer Barnes started out with a small flock of various breeds, but discovered later on that for egg production, purebred White Leghorns best suited his purpose. He noted that they were somewhat less susceptible to diseases, and consistently produced a high quality product. And quality, he knew, was important if he intended to keep his customers year after year.

To ensure delivery of only high quality eggs, he intensified his grading and candling procedure.

Says Barnes, "We tried to make sure that none of our customers got a bad egg."



**BEAUTIFUL TWO-STORY HOME** built by Barnes on his Forestville, Md., farm is a model for most white farmers in the community. Barnes keeps it in tip-top shape. Here he is spraying the shrubbery.



**TEN MILLION EGGS** have been graded by Mrs. Laura B. Hammond, who has been with Barnes for 20 years. She says she can tell almost by feel whether or not there is anything wrong with an egg. Here she fills egg cartons for family customers in Washington.



**CONSULTATION** with his Extension Service county agent, Martin G. Bailey, helped Barnes out when his egg production was threatened with decline in quality and quantity because certain feeds were hard to get. Bailey gave him tips on new feeds to keep up production.

## BARNES' EGGS AND HOME BECOME BAROMETER FOR COMMUNITY

**B**ECAUSE Farmer Barnes has consistently produced and sold only quality eggs, he has cultivated scores of family customers in Washington who purchase one or two dozen eggs from him every week. Many of these customers even drive out to Forestville to get their eggs—that is, except during the era of gasoline rationing.

Barnes says that some of his customers have been with him ever since he started back in the early 20's. And he points out that although his trade now is principally in case lots, he is anxious to continue serving his family customers. "They act as a barometer," he says, "determining the quality of my eggs. So long as I know I am pleasing them, I feel sure that I am also pleasing the thousands of consumers of my eggs whom I never see."

Yet despite the quality of his eggs, some years the market played havoc with prices, narrowing the margin between the cost of feed and the receipts for his eggs to such a point that sometimes there was precious little left for his labor and business risk.

Perhaps it would be smarter, he thought, if he'd stop putting all of his farm in one egg basket and start growing other crops, too—like tobacco and truck.

With the help of a poultry assistant and a hired man to work the tobacco and truck

crops, Farmer Barnes shifted over from one-crop farming. The results were amazing. The laying hens supplied a large part of the fertilizer for his vegetables. All he had to do was to rotate his poultry flock and truck crop—the acreage devoted to poultry one year was planted to tomatoes, string-beans, kale, and other vegetables the next—a practice he still follows. "Why, it cuts my fertilizer bill in half," Barnes says.

When war came and the U. S. Department of Agriculture urged farmers to produce more high protein foods like eggs to help meet the nutritional needs of our fighting men, our war workers, and our allies, Barnes was ready to step up this production.

Within a year after Pearl Harbor, he had increased his laying flock from 4,000 to 6,000 head, and his egg production had shot up from four cases (120 dozen) a day to nearly seven cases—actually enough to meet the daily egg needs of 2,500 of our fighting men.

However, increasing his egg production was no easy task. Good help was hard to find and even harder to keep down on the farm, with high paying war jobs floating around in the cities. Chicken feed was sometimes scarce, too, and even when found was not always up to its pre-war quality. Egg crates and cartons were often

in short supply, and material for expanding his poultry houses was difficult to get. But Barnes simply rolled up his sleeves and worked longer hours to get the job done.

And despite the longer hours and the shortage of labor and materials, Barnes was careful to try to maintain the quality of his product. When certain feeds were hard to get and his egg production was threatened with a decline both in quality and quantity, he consulted his Extension Service county agent on supplementary feeds. He secured from the U. S. Department of Agriculture all the information available on poultry and egg production. Following the advice of his county agent, Barnes culled his flock more carefully to conserve feed.

Barnes has become a kind of barometer for his community and for his whole county when it comes to poultry and egg production. He is the gauge by which scores of Maryland farmers set their sights. His successful farm management practices point the way. Many farmers in his county who used to stick strictly to tobacco now are increasing their income with poultry and truck crops.

Barnes' beautiful two-story home is a model which most of the Forestville farmers strive to duplicate. Hardly a colored farmer in the whole county has not come to eye it longingly.



# LETTERS AND PICTURES TO THE EDITOR

## BUSINESS CHANCE

Listed are excerpts from military law that might have once caused the birth of the expression "laws are writ' for white folks not a cullud." The statements are found in paragraph 490, page 206, Military Laws of the United States Annotated, 1939 with Supplement II, 1942.

It is illegal for "any white person or Indian" to introduce intoxicating liquors into Indian territory. "In all cases Indians shall be competent witnesses."

For an enterprising Negro, there is a wide open business in the sale of liquor with no competition.

CAPT. CLIFFORD R. MOORE.  
Philadelphia, Pa.

## SCHOOL STORIES

I am an ex-service man and very interested in anything that shows the progress of my race. Your new book EBONY is fine and I enjoyed reading it very much.

Your story "Catholics and Color" was of special interest to me as I am a Catholic myself and so many of my friends didn't believe me when I said we had Negro priests.

I would like to offer a suggestion if you don't mind. Why not each month elect some college and dub it the school of the month and show pictures of the school and some of the interesting things about the school. I may be late with my idea, but thanks for at least reading my letter.

Keep up the good work and God Bless you.

EARL T. SNYDER, JR.  
East Orange, N. J.

• EBONY will try to get around to as many Negro schools as possible. Fisk in the December issue was a starter.  
—ED.

## TOO MUCH LIKE LIFE

Enjoyed your November issue of EBONY. My first impressions follow:

1. The format is too much like Life, and could be more original.
2. The photography is excellent.
3. The choice of material shows evidence of your usual good editorial judgment and sense of news value.

I was extremely glad to see that you did not play the old worn-out harp of discrimination. I wish that Negro editors in general would realize that their public no longer wants to hear about something which they know exists, and which each individual is doing his best to fight in his own way. Your magazine could be spoken of as a "Pictorial of Negro Life and Accomplishment." It is a positive approach to the solution of our problems as a minority. I also found EBONY full of interesting facts and entertaining oddities. Your pictorial article on Hazel Scott was very good, and especially your failure to mention the D.A.R. incident.

R. B. PHILLIPS, M.D.  
Bowling Green, Virginia.

## WANTS MOVIES

I am inspired! After reading through the January issue of EBONY, I was compelled to sit down and convey to you my heartfelt elation. I am inspired to know that a Negro was responsible for the publication of such a splendid magazine. I am inspired to see how much good you are doing through the powerful medium you

have in your hands. My ambition is to make moving pictures to further our cause. I know the difficulties. I know the sacrifices, laborious work and heartaches facing me, but when I look at your magazine and see what you have accomplished I merely smile grimly and say: "He did it and so can I."

FRANK G. GREENWOOD,  
Director Chicago  
Negro Art Theatre,  
Chicago, Ill.

## BITTERS AND SWEETS

I read with great interest your Compliments and Complaints. May I as a "Charter Yearly Subscriber" add the bitters of life together with the sweets make conflicts. One's greatest desire should be to rise above them.

EBONY has risen above them.  
MRS. GARRETT J. MCGEE.  
San Francisco, California.

## ARMY AND NAVY

Several days ago I saw a copy of the first edition of EBONY. It was loaned to me so that I might show it to the Lieutenant in charge of PUBINFO in the Pacific Ocean areas. We both thought that you and your staff are to be congratulated on the general makeup and appearance of the magazine, engraving, high quality of printing and not a few of the layouts.

MURRAY J. MARVIN, JR.  
Navy Bureau of  
Public Relations  
Pearl Harbor, Hawaii.

Needless to say, EBONY (at my own expense) is the best venture in the pix field this one-time picture editor has ever beheld.

MAJOR DANIEL E. DAY,  
Chief, Negro Interest  
Section, Press Branch,  
War Department,  
Washington.

While passing through a busy street in Honolulu the other day, something on a newsstand caught my eye—something I've been hoping to see for quite some time. It was Volume One, Number Two, of EBONY—the first issue for me.

Having just returned from landing occupation troops in Japan, reading such a great Negro publication more or less compensates for the prejudice I know will undoubtedly face me in the United States. Best of luck!

DATIS B. NORTON, Y/2c.  
U. S. Coast Guard Reserve,  
Honolulu, Hawaii.

## NEGRO BUSINESS

I have just completed reading the issue of the great magazine EBONY. I think its great, I wish that all the newsstands in America would sell it. I wish that you would publish more about the successful business Negro of the South. I really did like the photos of ex-Congressman Mitchell's farm.

I've talked with many high school and college graduates that don't believe in land or farming nor did they know there was such thing as an all-Negro town. Personally I think EBONY is a trail blazer.

CPL. JOHN WESLEY REED  
Boise, Idaho.

EBONY solicits the work of free lance photographers and will pay \$3 for every photo accepted for publication. All photos must be accompanied by self-addressed, stamped envelope. EBONY assumes no responsibility for the return of photos.

## SISTERS IN THE SNOW



MRS. MAYOLA JOHNSON



MRS. NELLIE CLARK

Here are some pictures of the Polar Bear Club taken in the snow. We read your magazine and like it very much. Mrs. Mayola Johnson and Mrs. Nellie Clark are sisters.

THE POLAR BEAR CLUB.  
Indianapolis, Ind.

## COMPLIMENTS

With all sincerity, I believe that you have a magazine of which you may be justly proud both from the makeup art and editorial point of view. It is definitely a class magazine and should rate with the top pictorial monthlies of the nation. It is a courageous effort and I shall be watching your progress with more than casual interest.

DICK MOONEY  
Steve Hannagan,  
Publicity  
New York City

Last week I purchased one of the first copies of EBONY from our neighborhood drug store. I have examined its contents and have talked about it at length.

Accept my congratulations to you and your associates for this vital endeavor. We have too many Negro magazines that have no news value whatsoever. However, EBONY is one of the finest, best

organized magazines that is to be found in the news market. Certainly, your subject contents beautifully display the surge for Negro America to come of age. EBONY is an interracial magazine that America needs.

F. A. KORNEGAY,  
Vocational Secretary  
Detroit Urban League,  
Detroit, Michigan.

This comes pretty late but I would like to say that I read Volume I, No. 1, EBONY and enjoyed it thoroughly.

HERBERT YAHRAES, PM  
New York City, N.Y.

I have wanted for several weeks to get a letter off to you congratulating you on the first issue of EBONY. If you are able to maintain the high standards set by that first issue, you are going to have a runaway success on your hands!

Here are all our best wishes for EBONY'S continued success.

CYNTHIA S. WALSH,  
Publicity Director  
The MacMillan Company  
New York City

EBONY magazine is one of the finest publications I have ever seen. My compliments go with this letter. I am proud to show such a fine publication to my friends. This I had occasion to do when pictures and an article on my husband, Spencer Logan, appeared in the December issue.

VIVIAN W. LOGAN,  
Plainfield, New Jersey.

Having just finished your second and third editions of your magazine I think it's the greatest thing ever done in journalism for our race.

WAYMOND F. ADDY,  
Chicago, Ill.

I congratulate you for giving America such a magnificent magazine as EBONY. As one of America's young leaders you are in a class to yourself.

This magazine of yours can do what others have failed to do—teach Negro history, not only in America, but internationally.

J. HAMILTON JOHNSON,  
Chicago, Ill.

To me the printing of EBONY was like a dream come true. For years I've wished we had a racial pictorial book. As one of your readers says in her letter, "We are a beautiful race" and I heartily agree. It's lovely to be able to read and to see pictures of our race and to know how far we have advanced in all fields.

The arrival of the first issue of EBONY was such a pleasant surprise I read it through standing at the mail box and now I say I have two loves (Ebony and Negro Digest). I sincerely believe no home should be without both. May it be God's will you continue the good work in both magazines.

MRS. SADIE MILLER,  
Columbus, Ohio

My sincere congratulations for America's foremost magazine. Your pictures, captions and general reading material is "tops." You're giving the young Negro something to be proud of and live up to.

Thanks again to a wonderful staff and best wishes for continued success.

EMMETT H. SCOTT,  
New York

Just got back from Europe in time to get the first issue of EBONY. I've enjoyed both issues to the highest and was sorry when I had finished. Wishing it was a daily or weekly magazine.

A. W. DIXON,  
Chicago.



'WON'T YOU WOMEN EVER LEARN HOW TO DRIVE?'



'BOY! SHE'S WORE OUT FOUR PARTNERS—AND T' THINK I'M MARRYING HER NEXT WEEK!'



